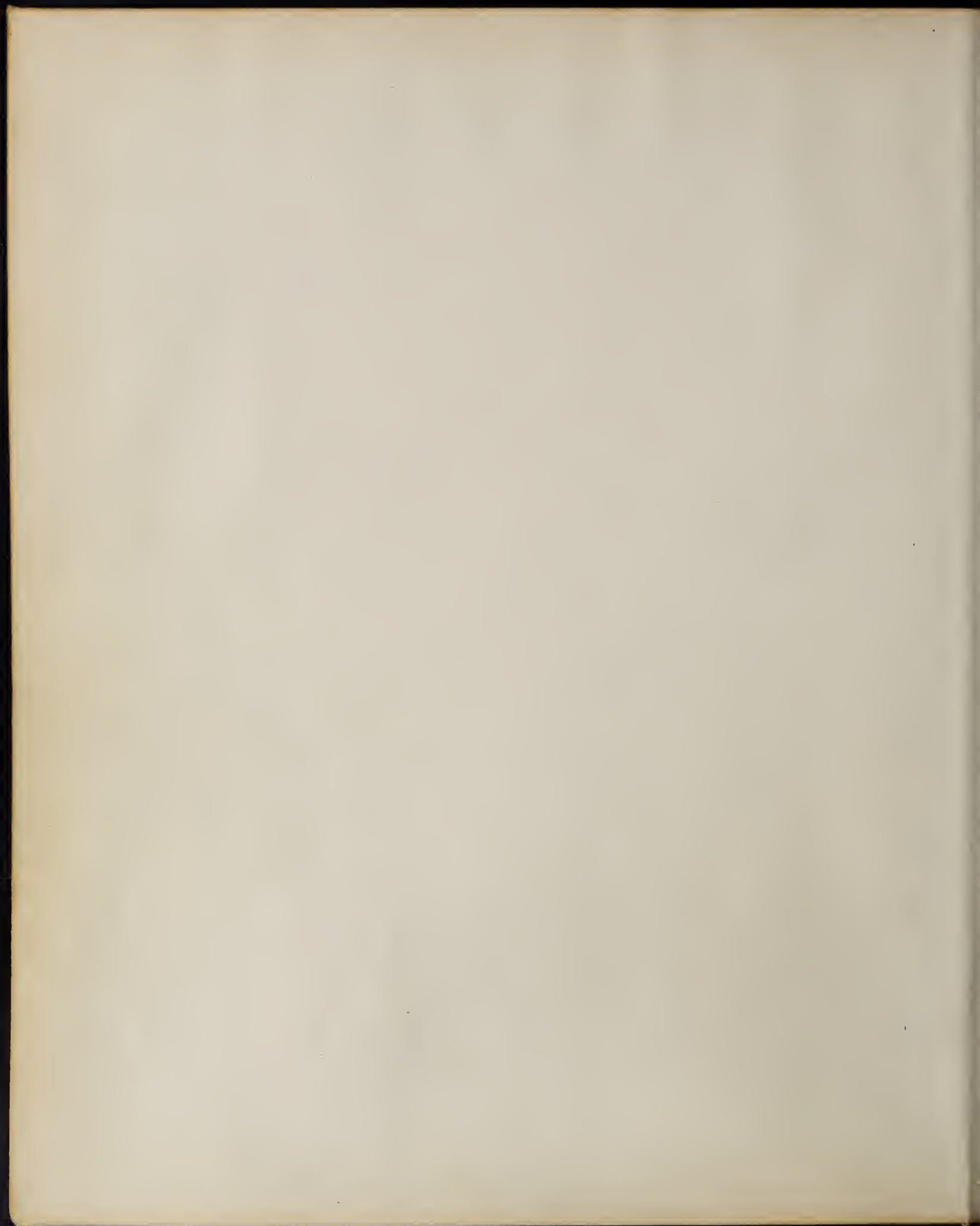


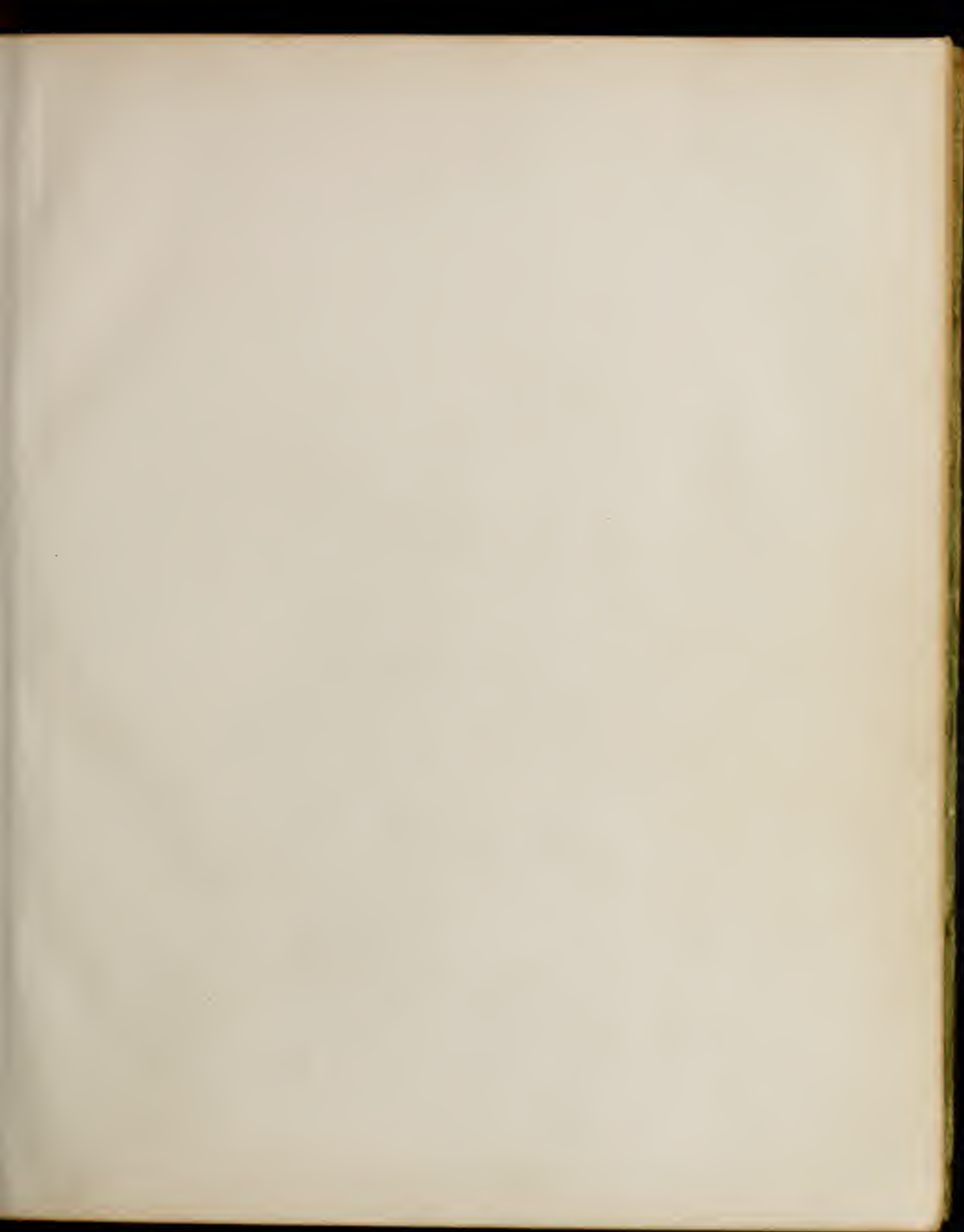
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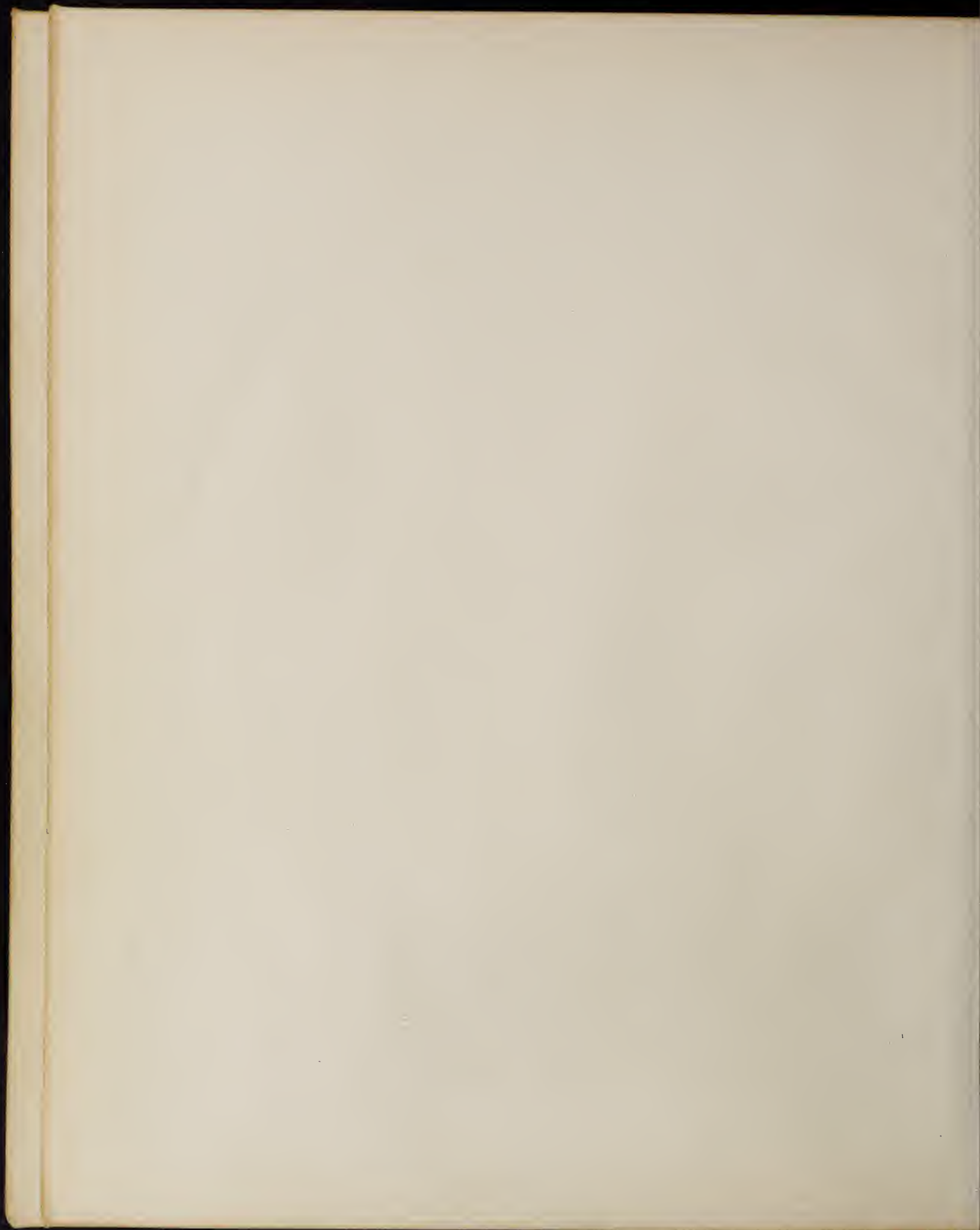
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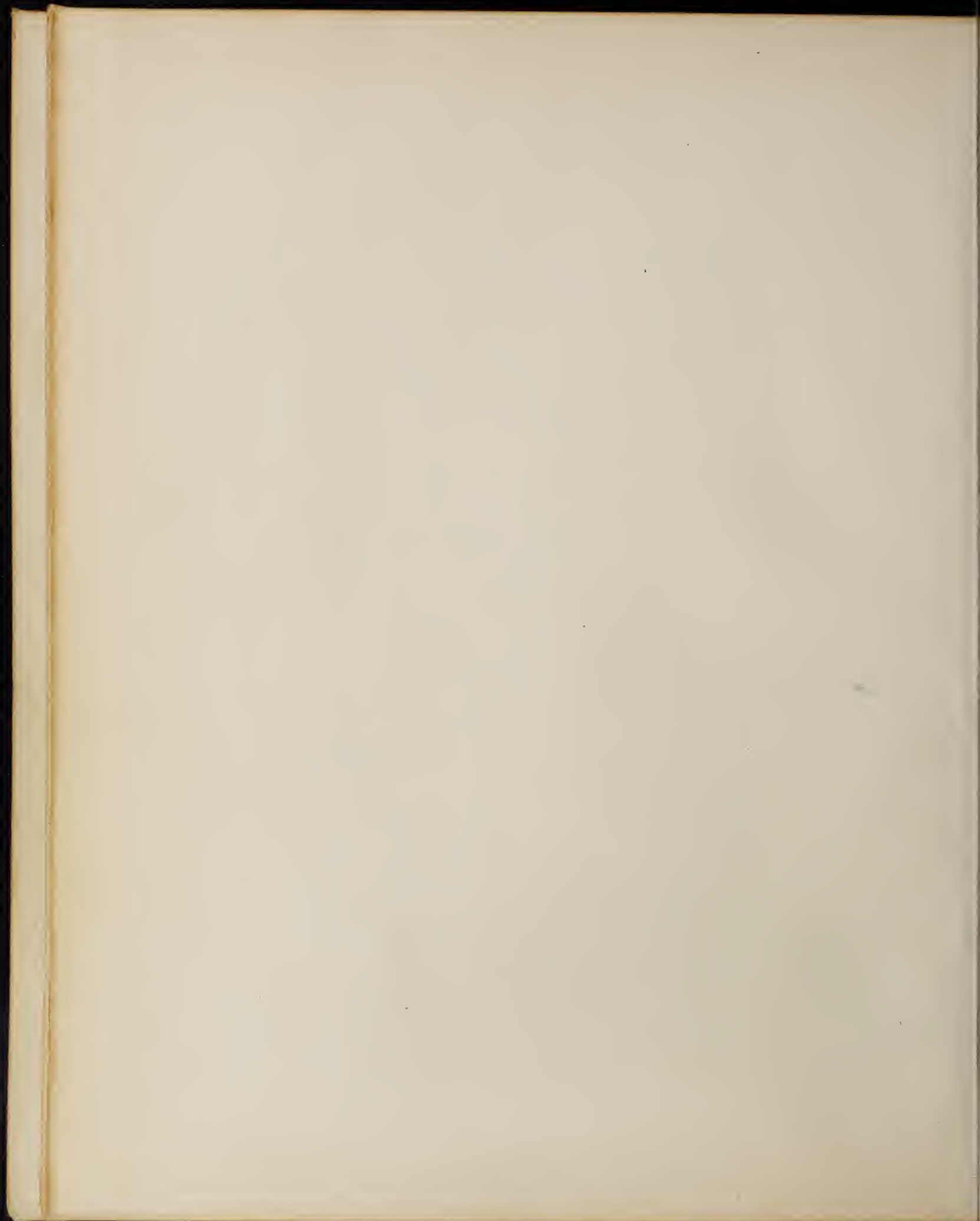


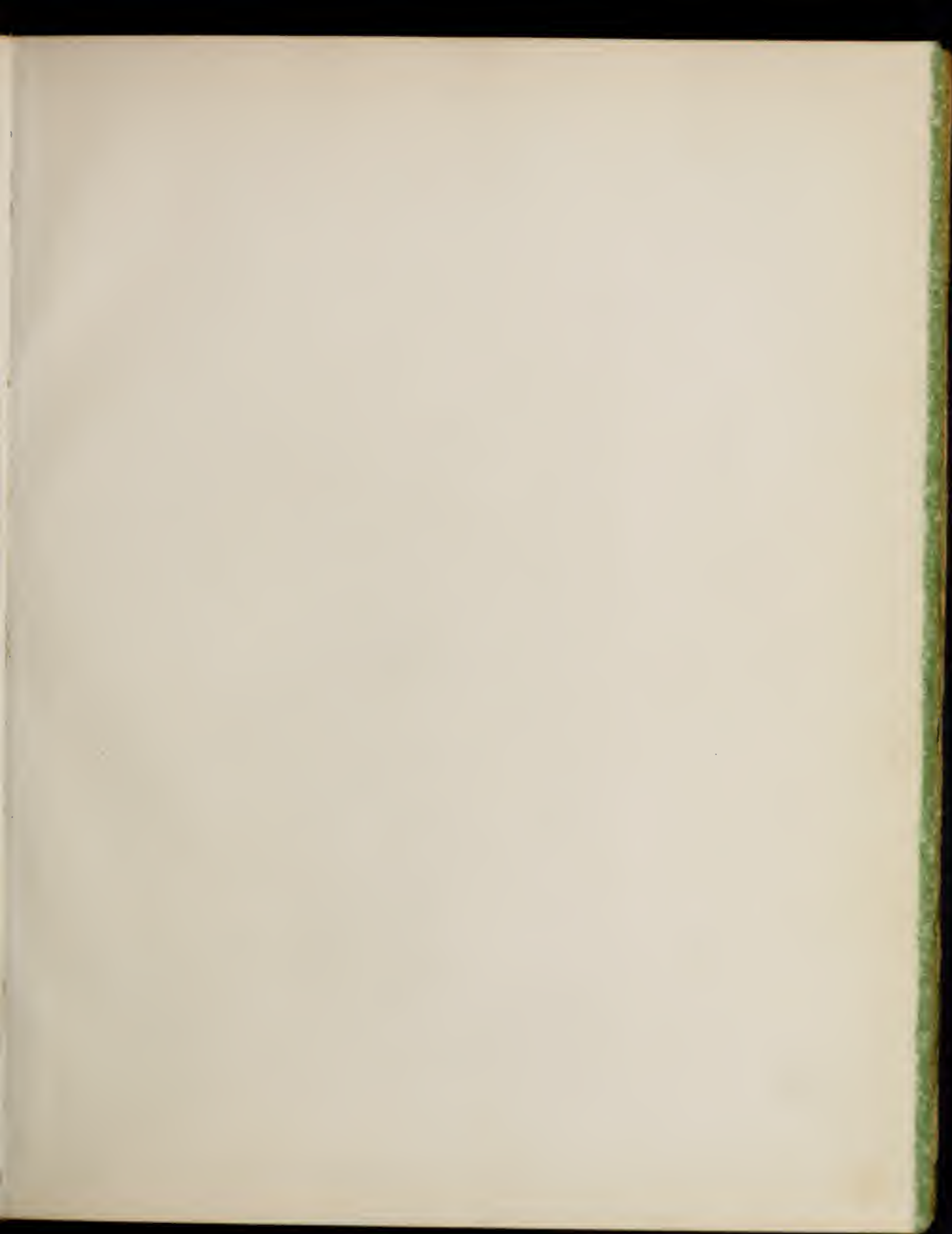


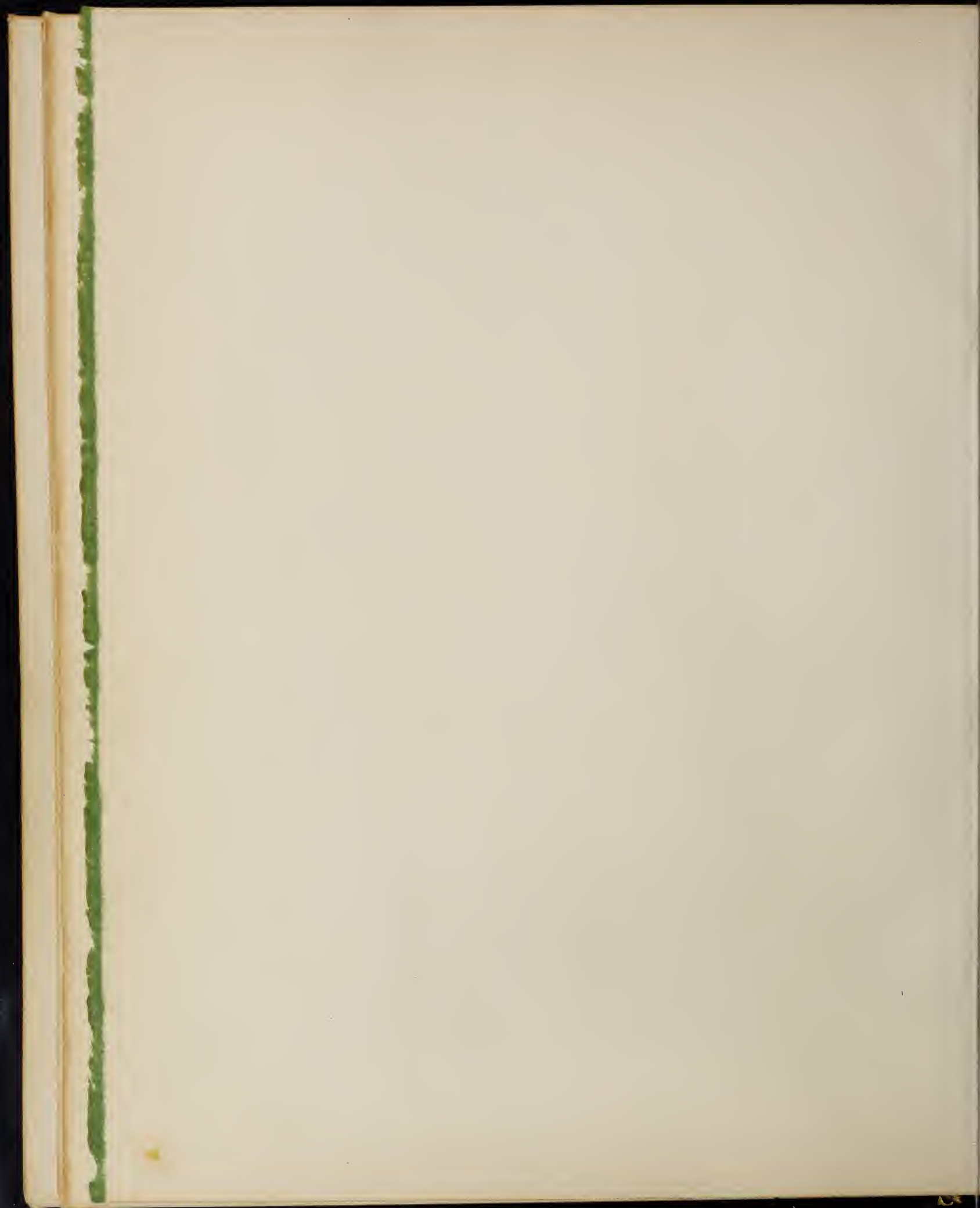




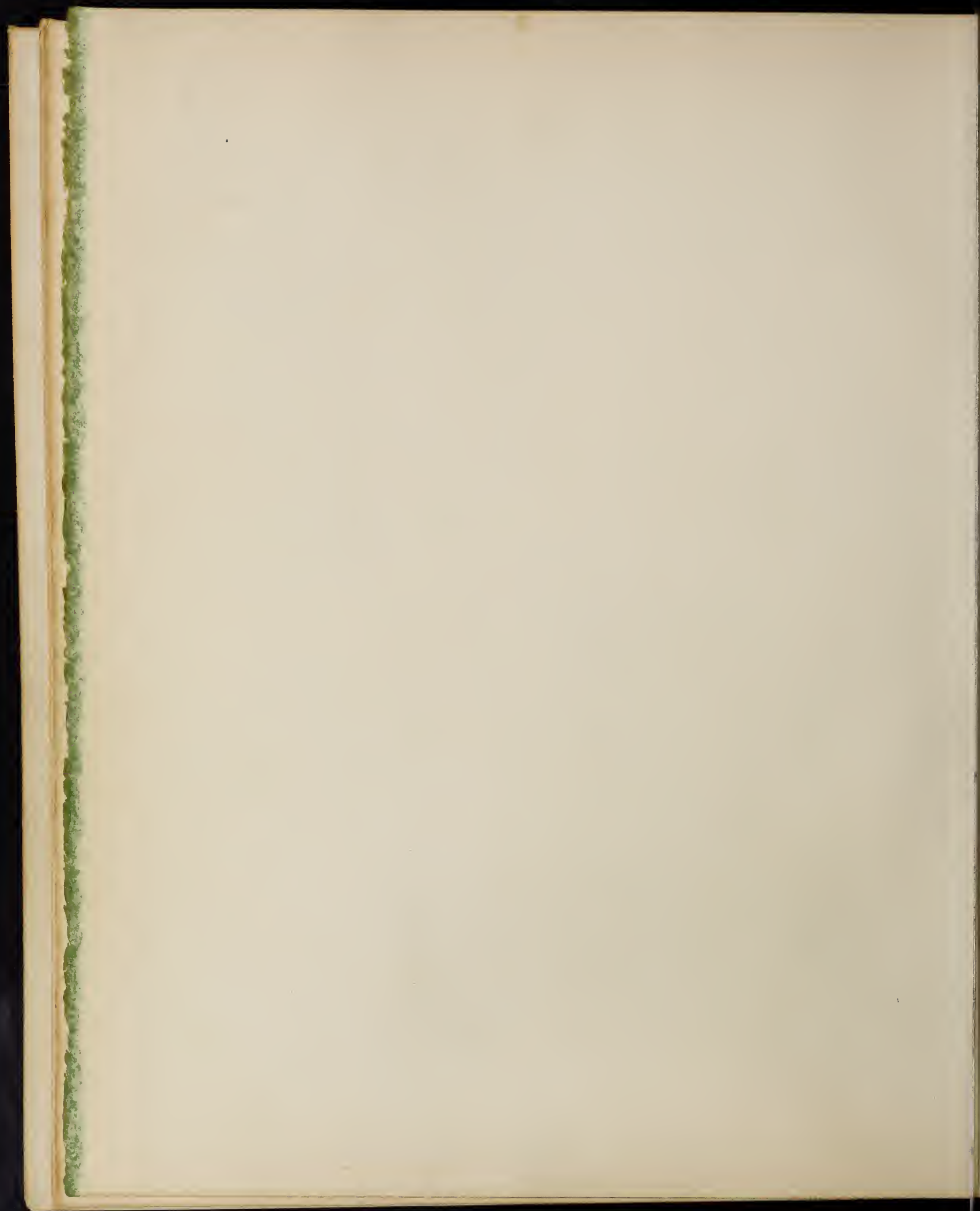




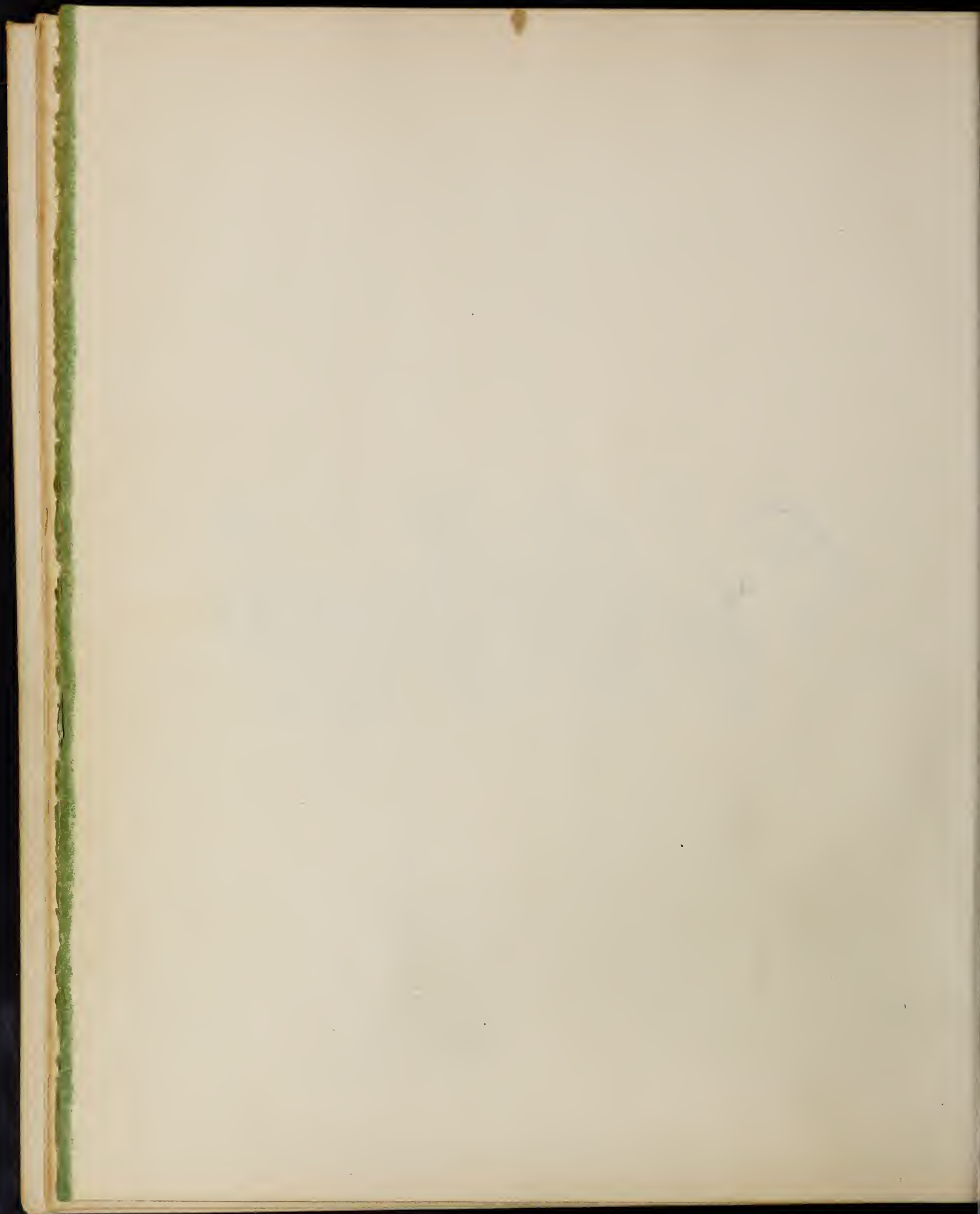








Greenbook



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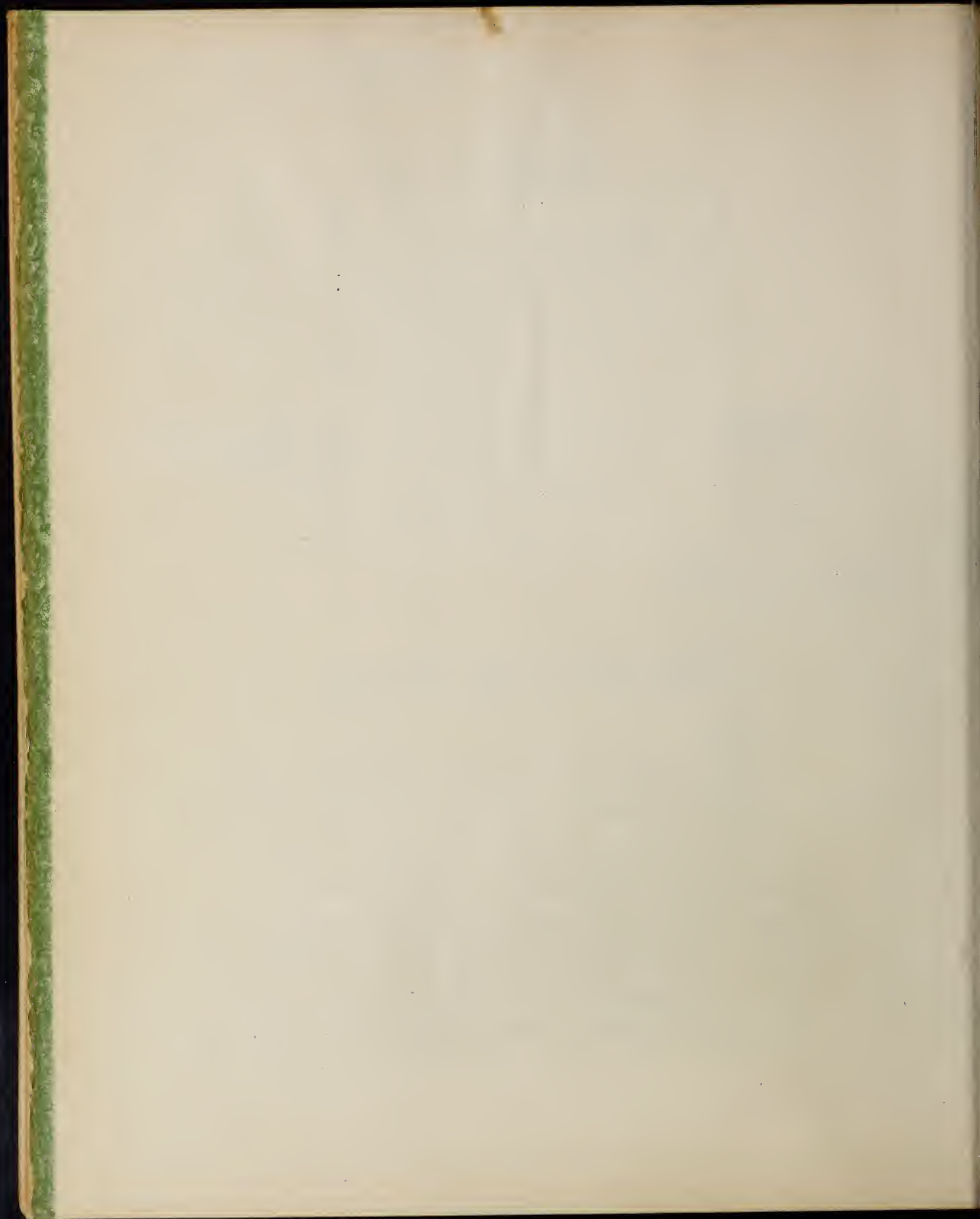
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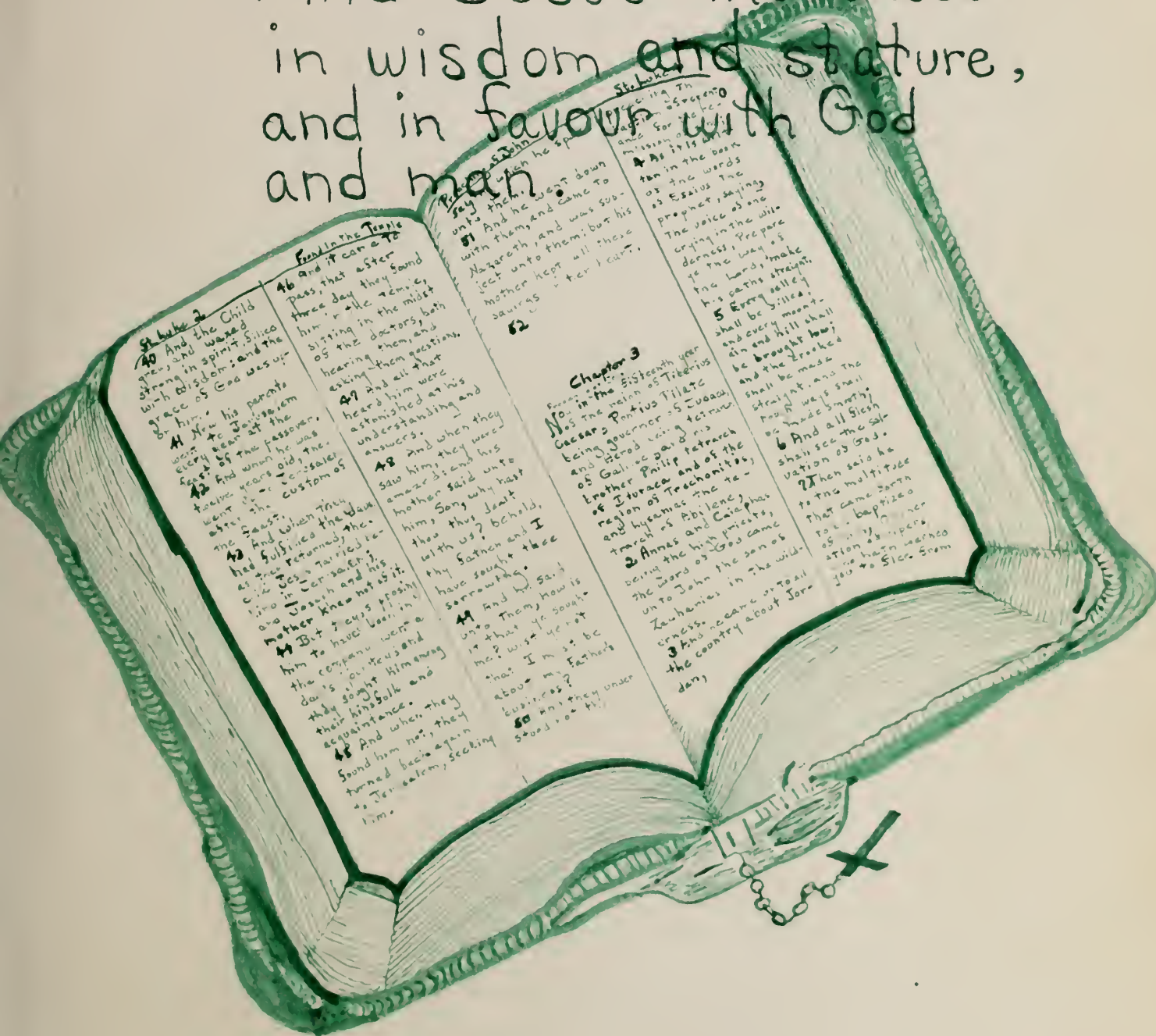


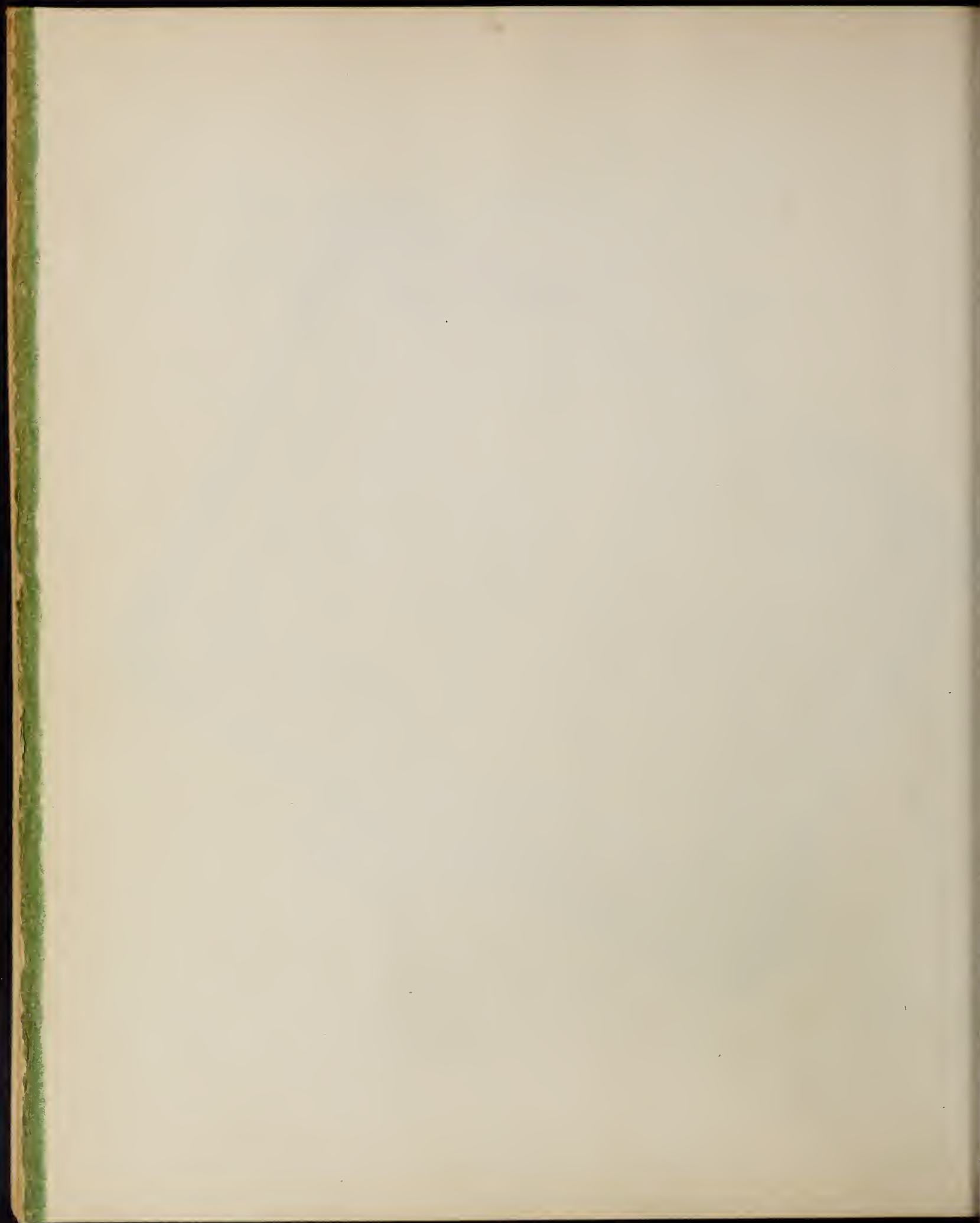
Dedication

Because he has seasoned his lectures with a sense of humour, because he has never forgotten the struggles and problems of the student, because he has inspired us with a desire to know and challenged us to think for ourselves, because he is humble and sincere in his search for truth, because he has applied the treasured ideals of Christianity to the everchanging modern world in which we live, we dedicate this GREENBOOK of 1952 to Professor Timothy Smith.




And Jesus increased
in wisdom and stature,
and in favour with God
and man.





Editorial

 hen Thales, the great Greek mathematician, established his school at Miletus, he had inscribed over the gate, "He who knows not geometry may not enter here." His conviction was that knowledge and wisdom was the only true value in life.

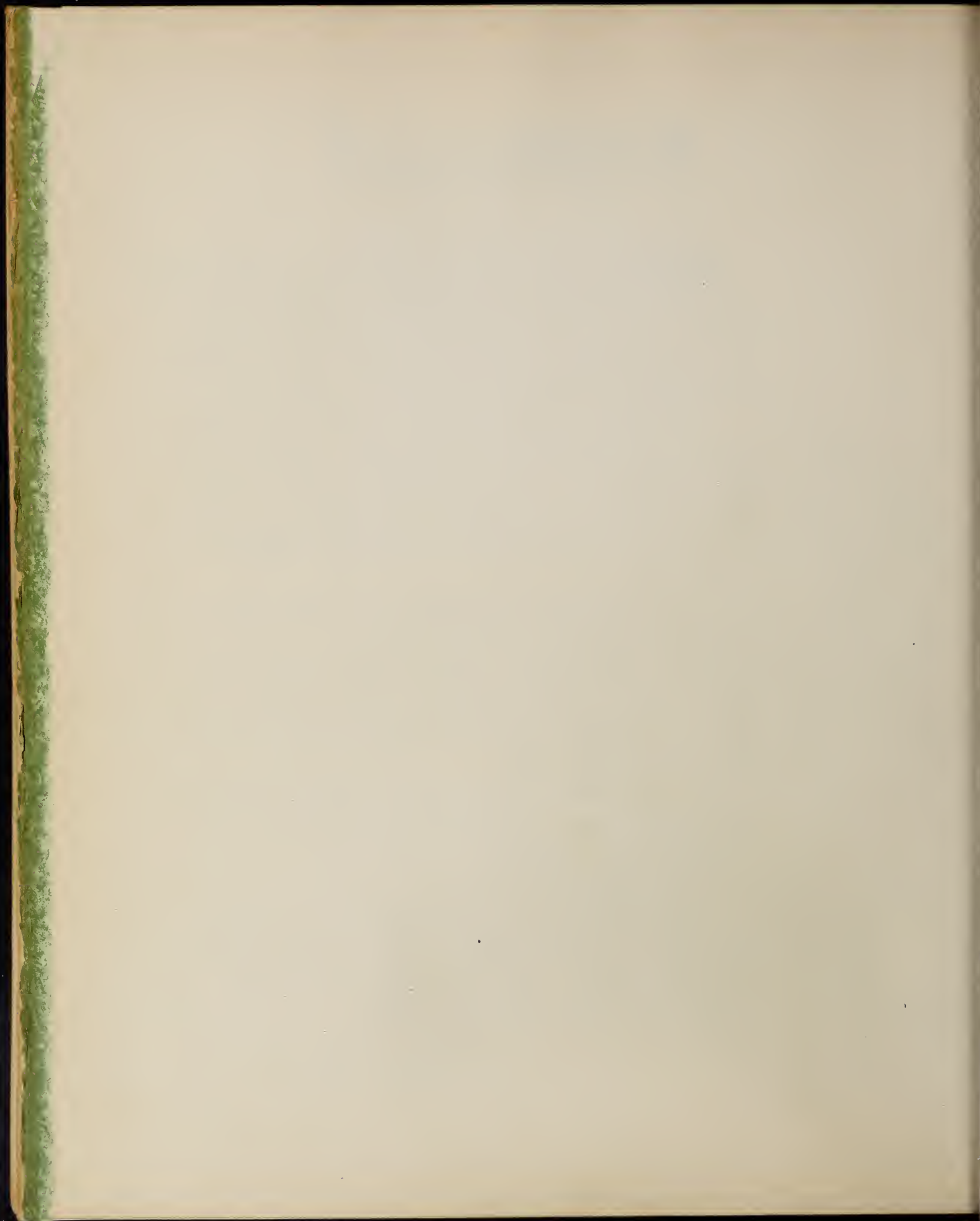
The Spartans of ancient civilization believed that the most important thing in life was to possess a strong, healthy body. Their education was limited almost entirely to rugged physical training, supplemented by exposure and floggings to toughen them.

Some would contend that mysticism and otherworldliness are the only true good, and they shut themselves away from all social activities and human contacts that they might reach a state of perfection by painful self-denial, rigid rules and long meditation and prayer.

All these philosophies are good to a certain extent, but is it right to develop one phase of one's personality, and completely ignore the others?

Almost two thousand years ago, there lived a youth who has set for us a perfect example for perfect development and a well-rounded life. "And Jesus increased in wisdom and stature, and in favor with God and man."

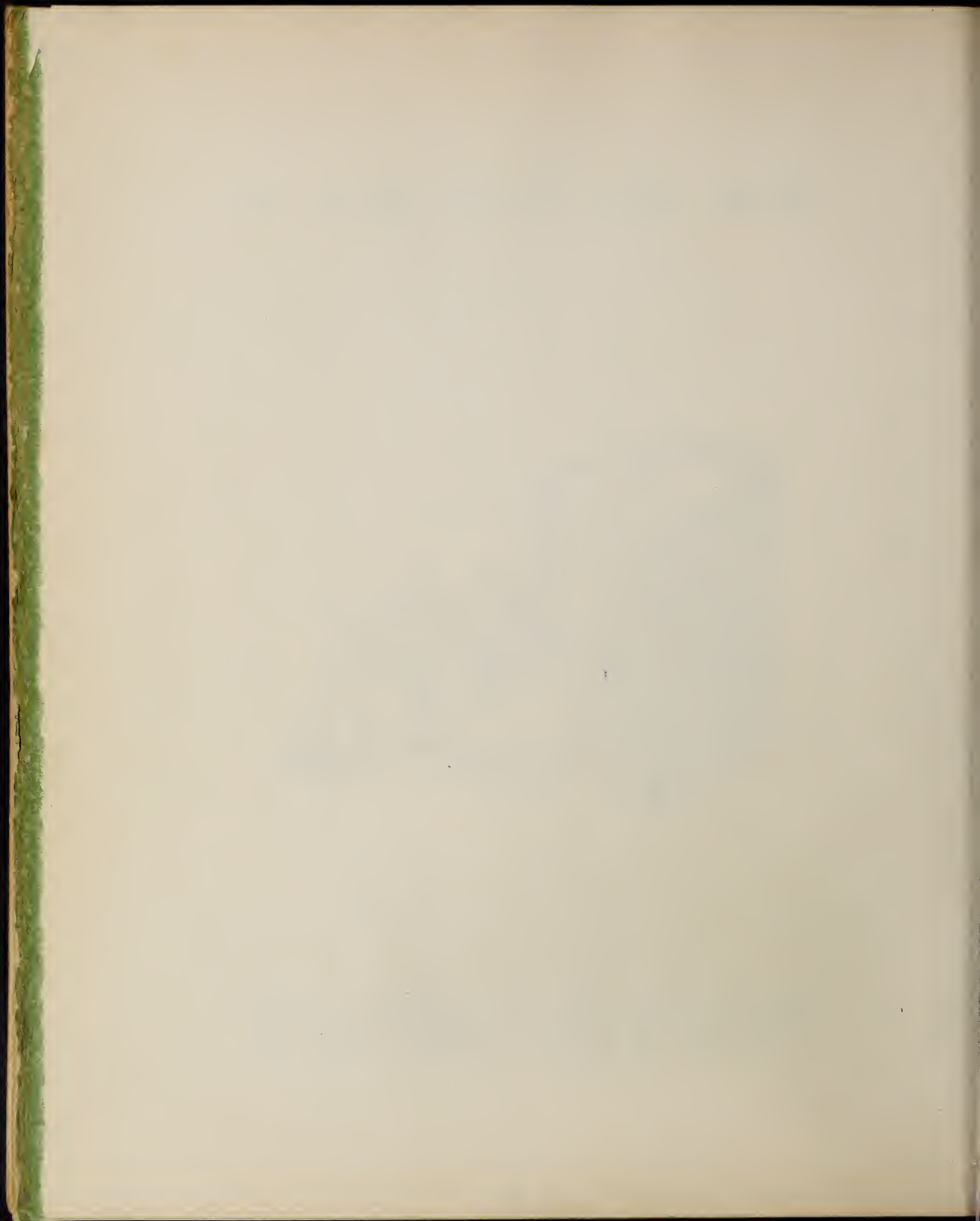
Ethel Mullen



And the child grew in...



WISDOM

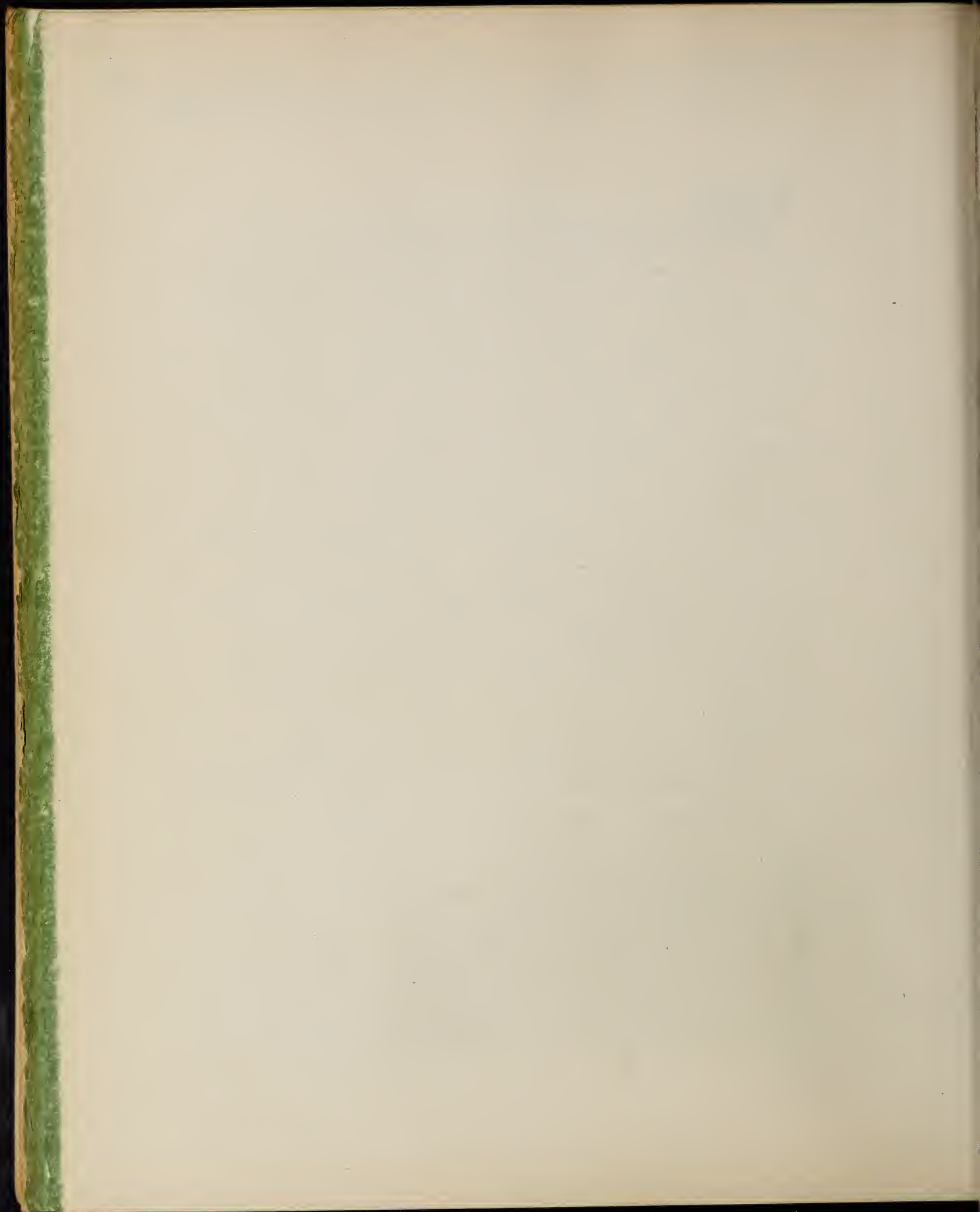


What is Education?



hat is education? What is the justification for spending four years and hundreds of dollars in college? It isn't to learn a list of the dates and kings of the Stuart Dynasty, nor the War of the Roses, nor the French Revolution. It isn't the ability to quote every principle of physics through Einstein's latest discovery, to give the square root of any number from one to fifty, or to name and locate every nerve in the human body at a moment's notice. It isn't the number of Spanish verbs conjugated, the number of theorems proved in geometry, nor the number of term papers completed. It isn't a comprehension of Freud's principles in psychology, Darwin's theory of evolution, or Whitehead's optimistic philosophy. It isn't the marks on the class registration slips which we get at the registrar's office after final exams.

What is a college education? It shouldn't be thought of in terms of a higher social standing, a special clique of friends, or in the satisfaction of the modest statement, "I got my A. B. at Smith." The mention of college shouldn't call up only images of numerous destructive "benders" and practical jokes, the dozens of banners and stuffed toys in dormitory rooms, the last word in "fads", or the cost of a whole new "collegiate" wardrobe. The mention of a college education shouldn't cause the old and wise to lament, "He'll come back ruined, as they always do, with a lot of



'new-fangled' ideas and a 'know-it-all' attitude."

What is a college education? It is learning to live with one's self, to spend money wisely, and to be self-sufficient. It is the discovery of contentment anywhere and satisfaction in a task well done. It is learning to live with others--how to be unbiased, how to combat prejudice. It is mastering a democratic attitude and acquiring the ability to be an equally good leader and follower.

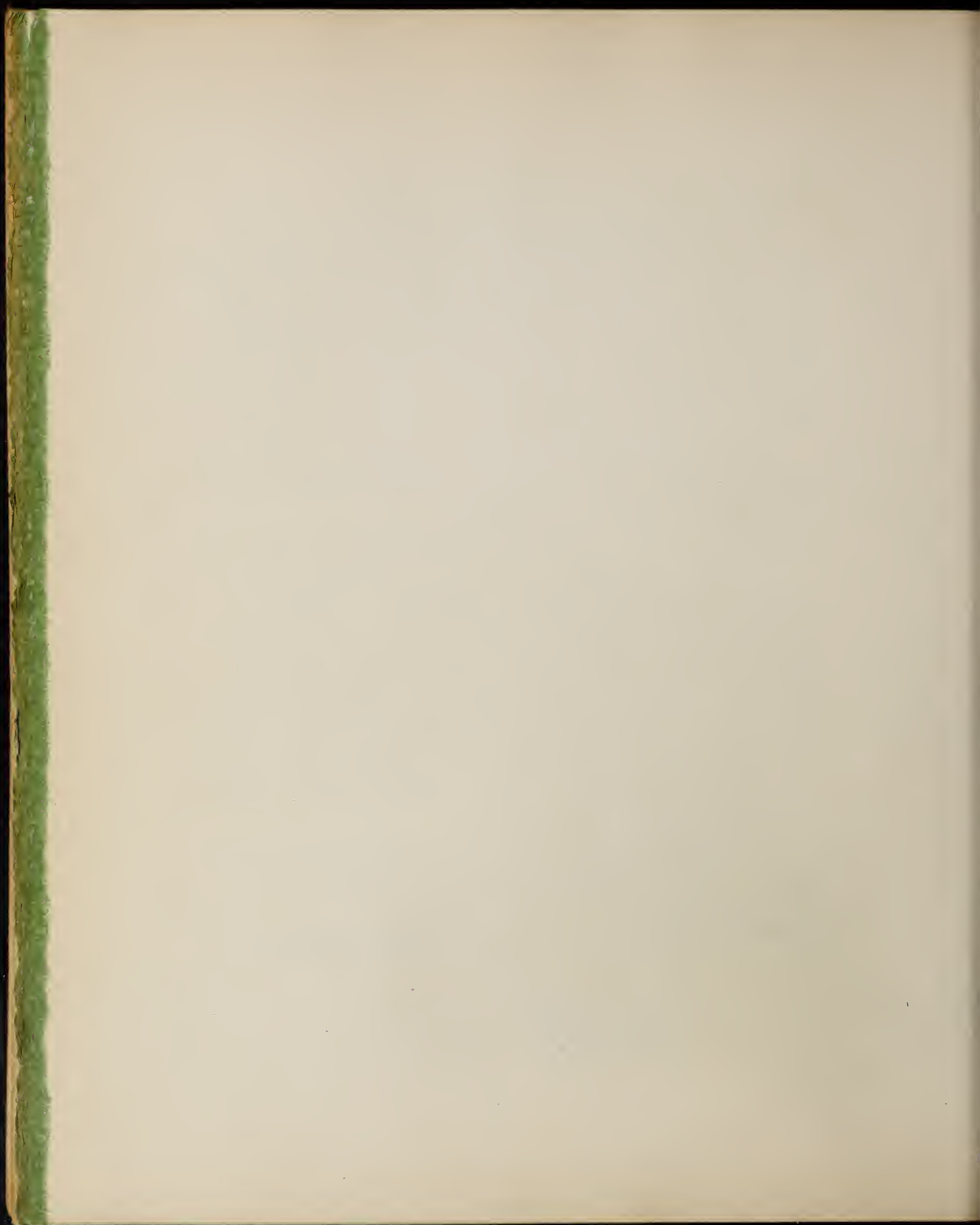
It is perspective--a way of viewing knowledge and life. It is the art of knowing where to shine the searchlight, and when to put the rose-tinted shade on a glaring lamp.

What is a college education? It should manifest itself in an ability to discuss intelligently a broad range of subjects. It should provide one with the knowledge of where to find the facts. It should equip one with the ability to appreciate culture and refinement. It should foster a desire, born by knowledge, to keep inspiring music, superior art, and thought-provoking books nearby. College should be a proving ground of character; as one lives in college, so he may live throughout life.

Our college education is the instrument which we carry in our hand as we go out to make tomorrow's world. Dear God, may we be equal to the task.

Carol Cullen



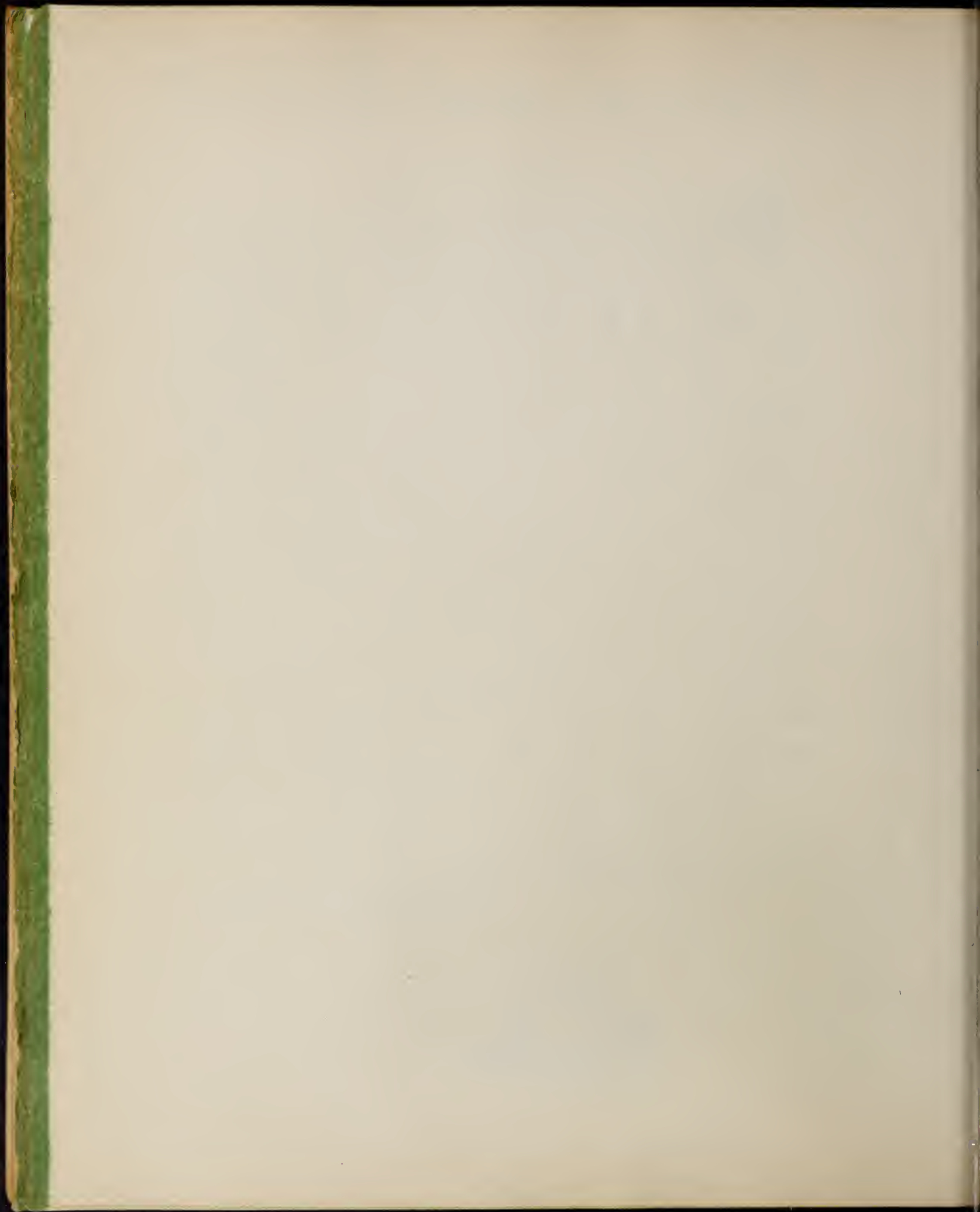


Cause and Effect


Many people answer questions and pass off thinking by the use of a cliché. When asked such questions as to the reason for so many accidents, they will reply lazily that there need to be more cops around to enforce laws, thus reducing accidents caused by violations. It is a wonder, then, that the cities and states do not have big armies of "blues and gold buttons" running around with big sticks. Training schools tell us that they can help reduce accidents by turning out good, "know-how" drivers. The teacher tells his pupils that it is best not to learn how to drive from older folk for they have many bad habits and many did not learn the right way. So the nicely polished, trained driver is one who has gone through this school and has learned to drive by the very best methods and the scientific approach. It is a strange thing, though, when a short time later you hear of Mr. Brown's son, a graduate of such a school, cracking up his pa's car in the same way Mr. Brown did. Then you might ask a person about the conditions of cars and how they cause accidents. He will reply that all cars over fifteen years old should be junked. So you go out and junk your 1932 Ford and walk ten miles to work.

Phyllis Collins





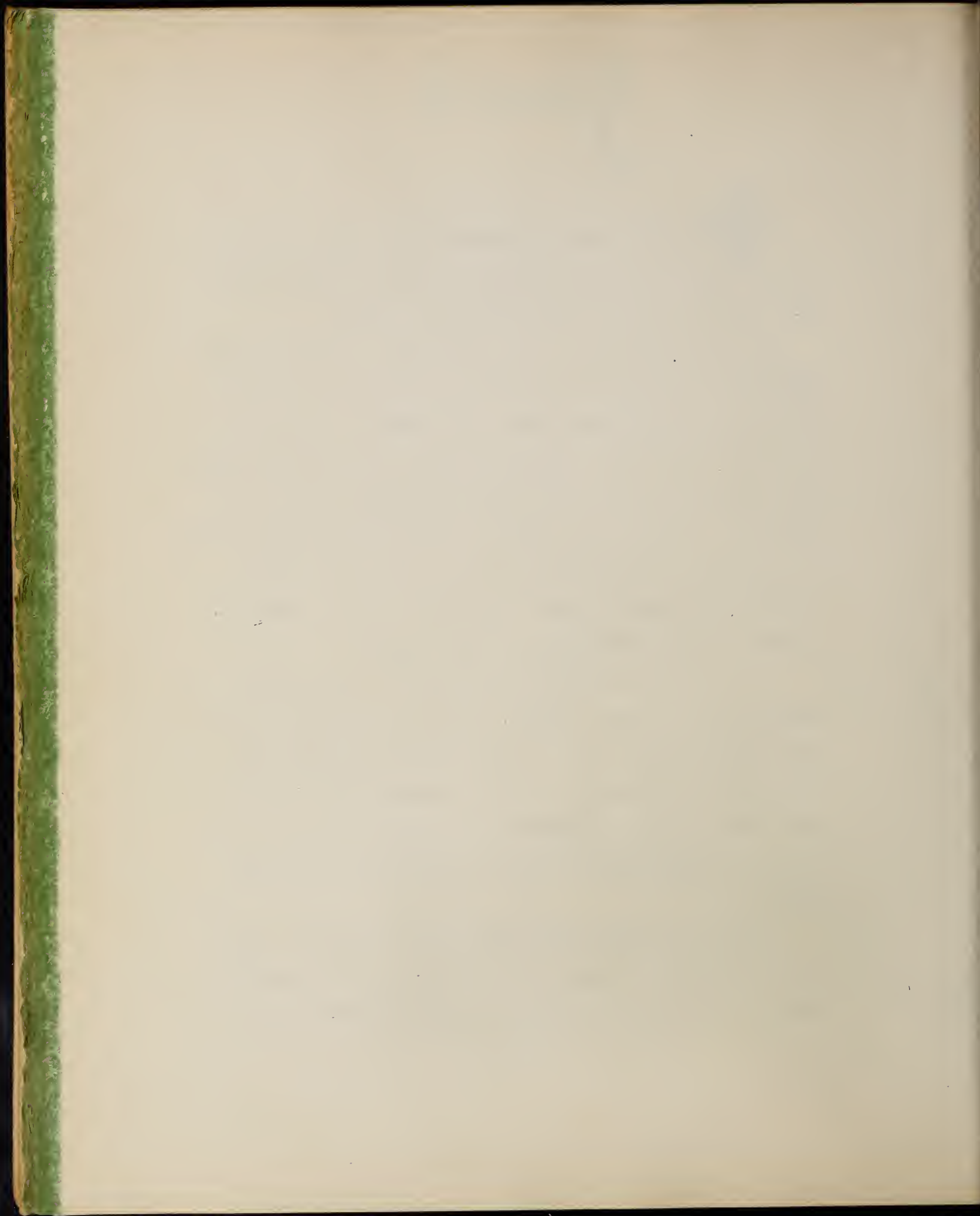
Youth

ften when I hear someone say, "It's a shame that youth has been wasted upon youth," a feeling of rebellion arises within me. I feel that youth is being unjustly criticized.

Just what about youth is being challenged? No doubt it is the indomitable vigor which often causes young people to do inexplicable things; the happy carefreeness which appears to give young people the "I don't care" attitude; the wild imagination which often makes young people sound ridiculous; the sourceless ambition which makes youth attempt the impossible; the joyful laughter and meaningless talk that sometimes makes youth seem unruly; the implanted rebellious nature which refuses to make youth subject to anything. All these are qualities others criticize in youth.

Yet I contend that these very qualities for which youth is condemned are the essence of youth. Take away youth's detrimental qualities and polish it until a perfect model has been attained, refine youth's personality, its idiosyncrasies, and the finished product will in no way resemble what we now call youth. I am also willing to venture that no one would be attracted to the finished product.

Youth with its wild impulsiveness, youth that knows no fear, that considers the consequences after the deed, makes the best defense of our nation. Are these not the very qualities that are

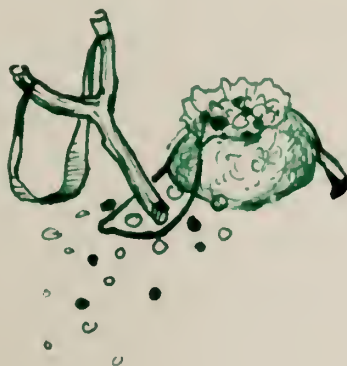


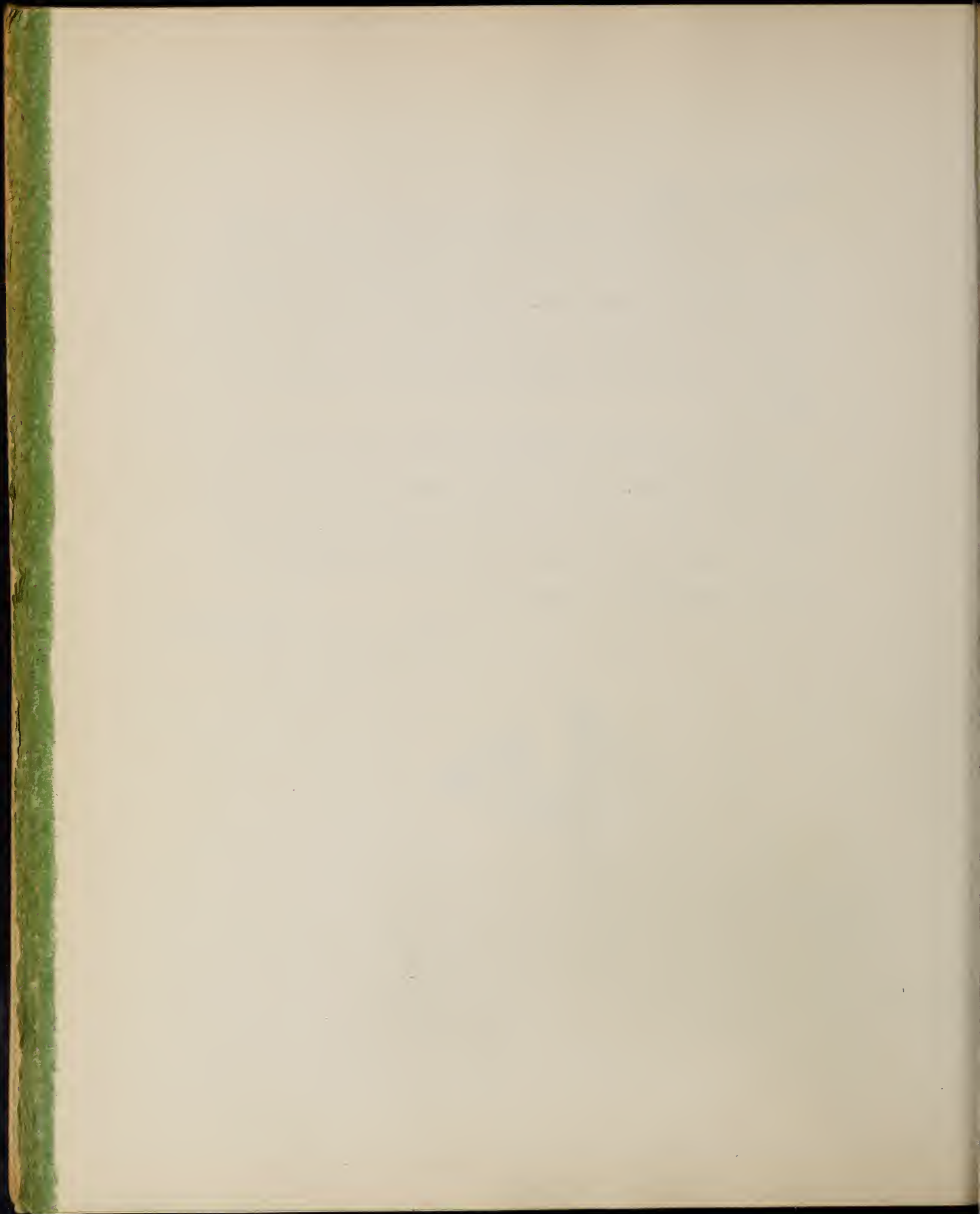
condemned in youth?

Wild imagination often causes young people to attempt what often appears impossible. It is this imagination which spins impossible dreams for the future. Though many of them will never be realized, yet because youth has aimed for the sun it has captured a star. These stars when taken into account are what make our nation great.

Do you condemn these qualities in youth? Then take youth; refine it; polish it. Leave only those qualities which you desire. When you have taken away youth's faults and made it perfect, you will have destroyed youth itself. When youth is destroyed our nation's greatest asset is destroyed.

Carmela Pabellla



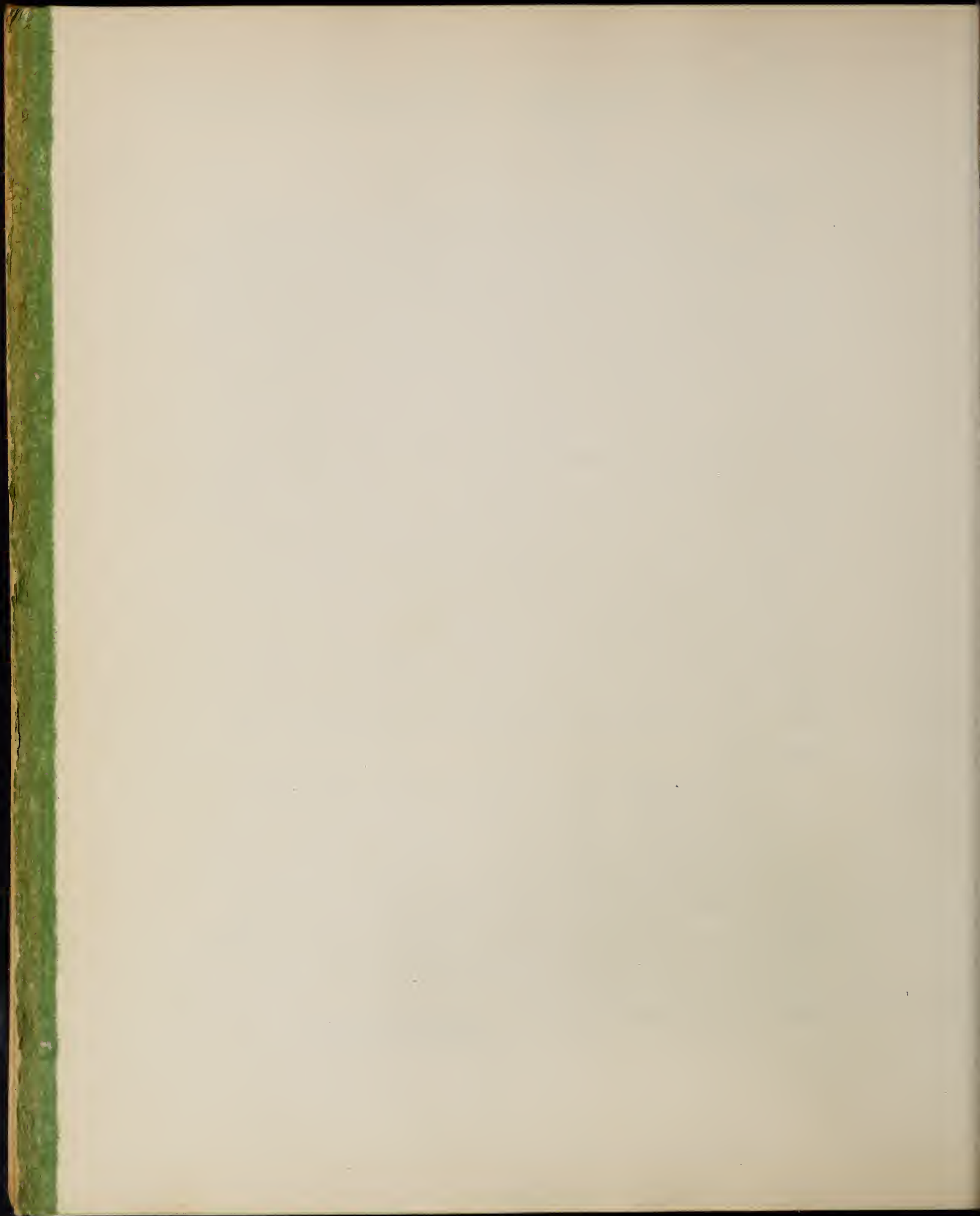


College Contrast

College life as I see it is very different from college life as I thought it would be. In high school, teacher and student relationships were entirely different from those same relationships in college. The student was given an assignment for homework. If he did not have it completed for his next class in that subject, any number of consequences might result. He might be bawled out, given a detention, or given extra assignments. College conditions, however, are not that way at all. When the professor gives out an assignment he has no intentions of checking upon his students. Is he really interested in his students' progress? Certainly he is! His reason is just this. In college, the student is supposed to be mature enough to do the work required of him. If he is not he must drink the bitter cup and find that the "F" on his report card is due to his own carelessness and that no one else can be blamed but himself.

This sudden thrust of study responsibility, along with many other responsibilities also, came as a shock to me. I had not been accustomed to being so independent and I am sure that other students feel the same. The problem of the college faculty is, does this change build or destroy the character of the freshman? The results of this maturity test will be published and obtainable at the Registrar's office in May, 1952.

Dave Daniels.



Seven Thirty to Ten Thirty



ne evening when I was quietly reading my New Testament assignment, the great commotion out in the hall made me run to the door to see what was the matter. Who should appear to my wondering eyes but the girl across the hall in her new blue gown of net and lace. She was surrounded by a group of girls, oh-ing and ah-ing.

I had just settled down again when I heard the following:

"Is she, is she huh?" And a second later I heard someone singing, "In New England stands a college."

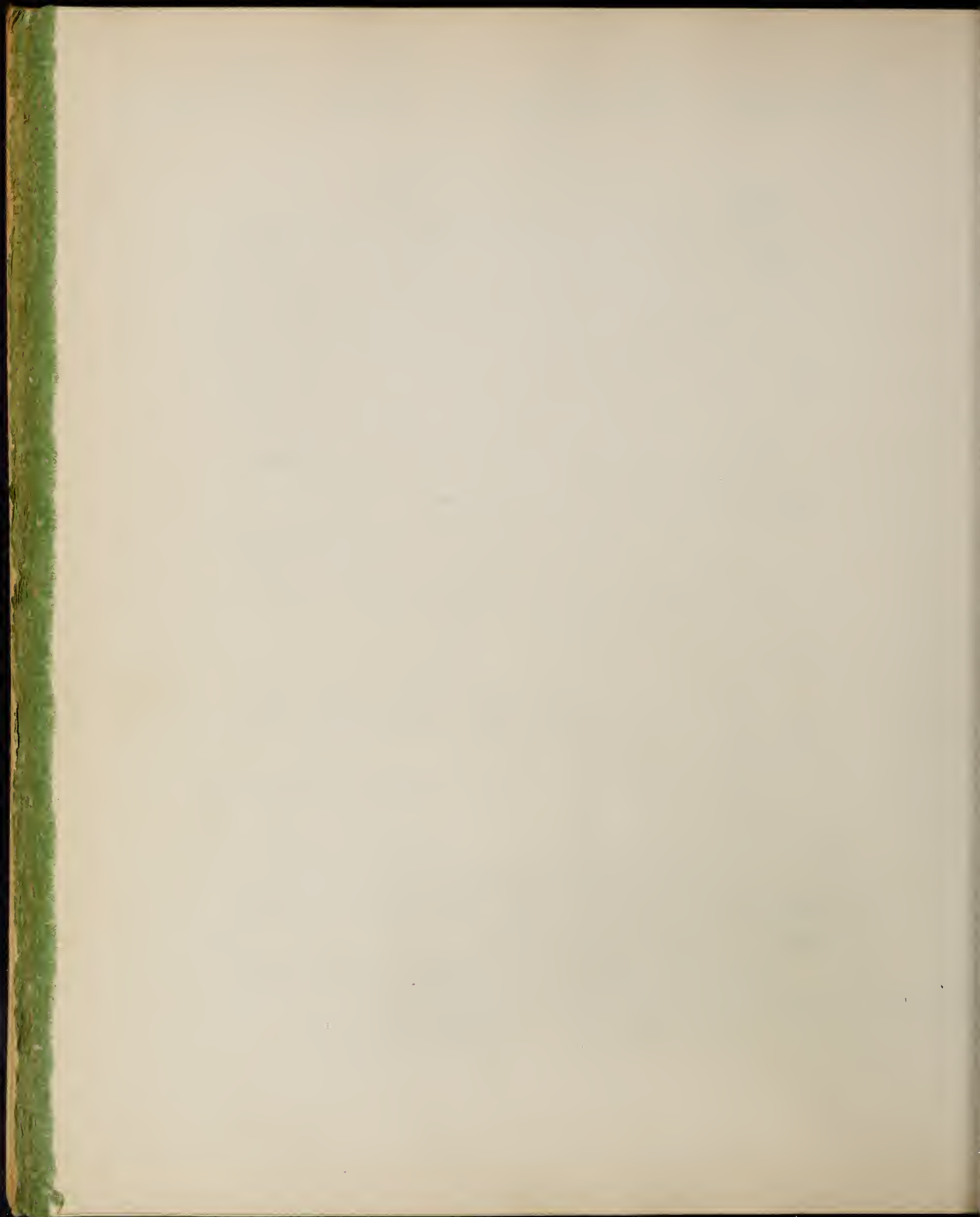
Then the radio next door brought the voice of the commentator with the latest news of the day. "Another air crash in Elizabeth, New Jersey," and "More news on the death and coming funeral of King George VI."

Once again all was quiet on the home front, except for the tramp, tramp, tramp of students coming and going in the hall, and the constant hum of the radio next door.

A scream from the end of the hall. One of the girls must have seen a mouse.

I finished my New Testament and was about to start my Reading assignment when I heard, "Oh, isn't that adorable, isn't that sweet?" My neighbor's formal again.

All was quiet approximately five minutes when someone came down the hall singing, "Happy Now, Happy Now."



A few minutes passed.

My roommate left the room. As she went out the door she said, "Answer my bell if it rings?"

Now where was I? Oh, yes, page 40, paragraph 2.

Oh, some fellow whistling for his girl. He had better not let Mrs. Williamson hear him.

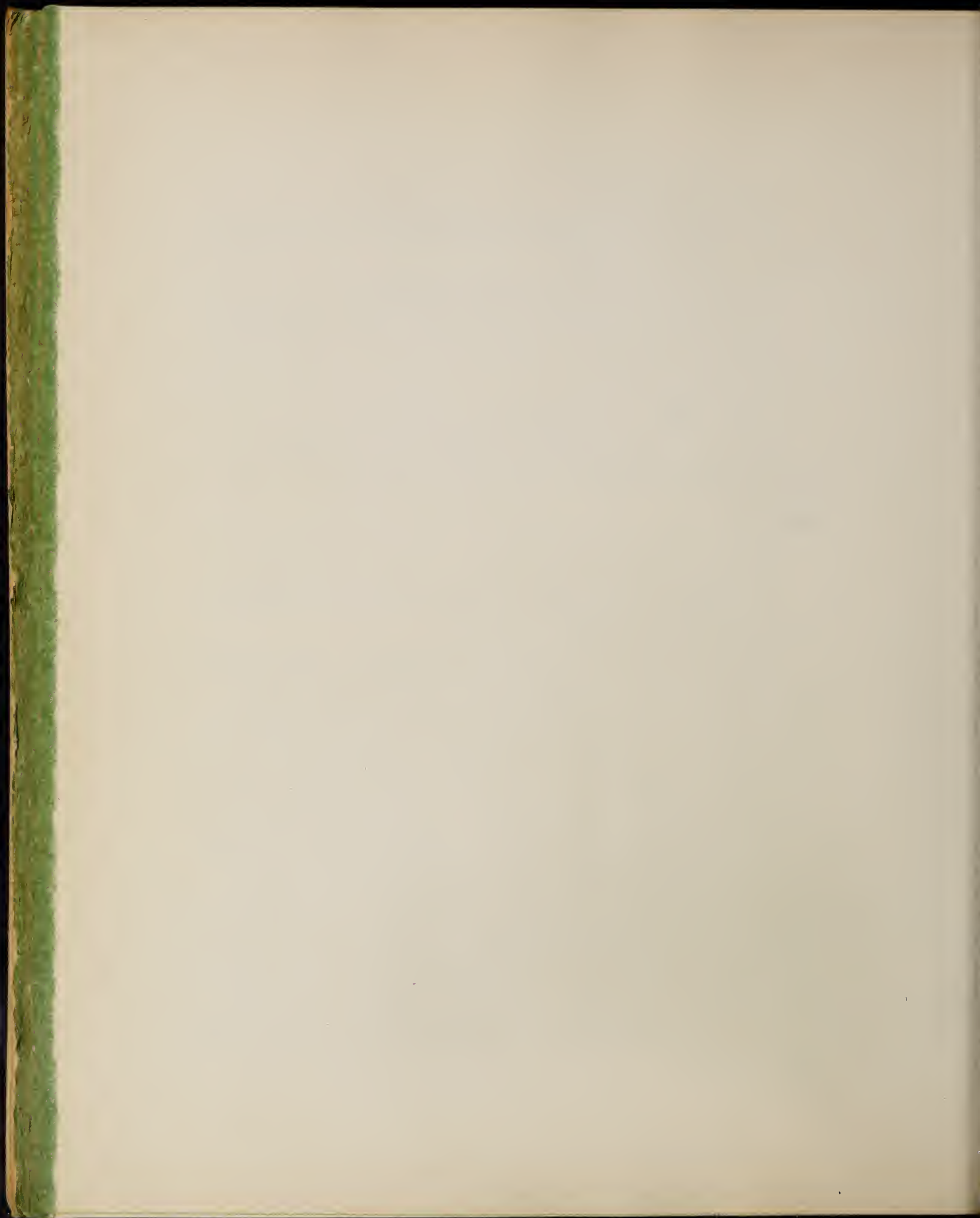
"Cincinnati is the natural gateway to the South."

Now where did that sentence come from? Oh, I remember. It was in my Reading assignment, but how did it get written into my essay?

Passing of another few minutes.

Much happened since my last sentence. My roommate received a long distance phone call from her folk.

I wrote a letter, but not without interruption. Betty came in to inquire about the advertisement I had on the bulletin board. After she left I was putting the finishing touches on my letter when someone knocked on my door and asked, "You kids going to the Dugout?" Naturally the answer was yes. Our Dugout Girl entered the room, tossed her books on the bed and said, "I wish I would get asked to the Valentine Party, too." Then followed a discussion about how stupid most of the fellows on campus are. We came to the conclusion that most of the fellows around here just don't know a good thing when they see it. However by the time she left I knew that our visitor's mood had changed because she was singing, "Happy Now, Happy Now."



Again I settled down to writing my essay, but I had hardly started when someone knocked on my door and a young lady said, "May I borrow your cupid?"

"Yes, but don't forget to bring him back."

After my friend had left with cupid I suddenly remembered, to my dismay, that I had forgotten to go to the library. "What time is it? Nine forty-five? I can make it if I hurry." Once again I had to halt the writing of my essay.

Ten o'clock. That Dugout Girl was back again and I had to hurry or she would have gone off without me.

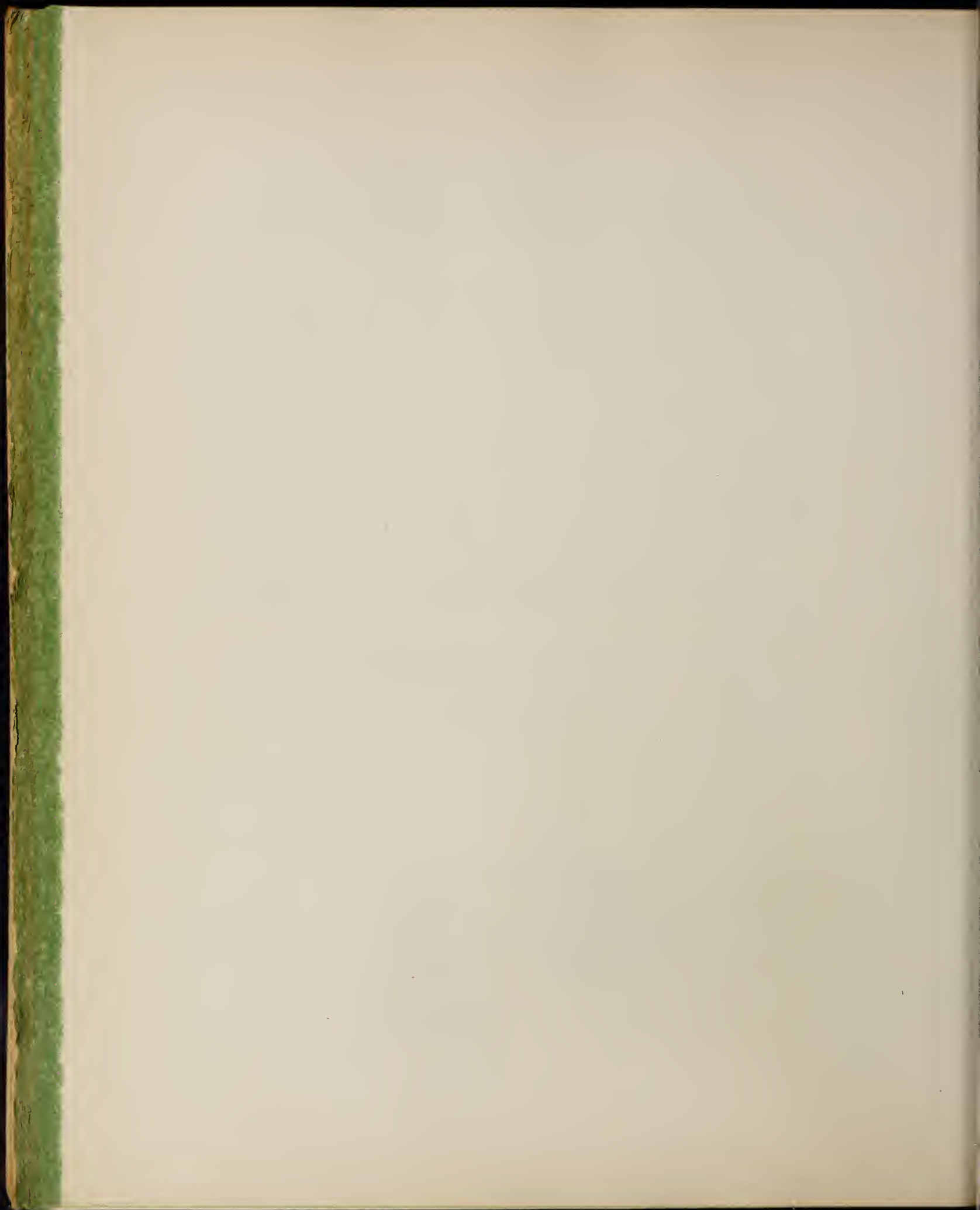
By ten-thirty I was back from the Dugout. I heard that bell again. "Carrie certainly is popular lately. Who is the lucky guy this time?"

In closing I would like to go on record as having said, "I am one girl who has learned that if she wants to study she should go to the library."



Martha M. Feinice

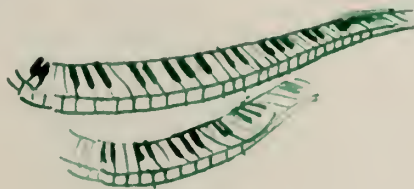
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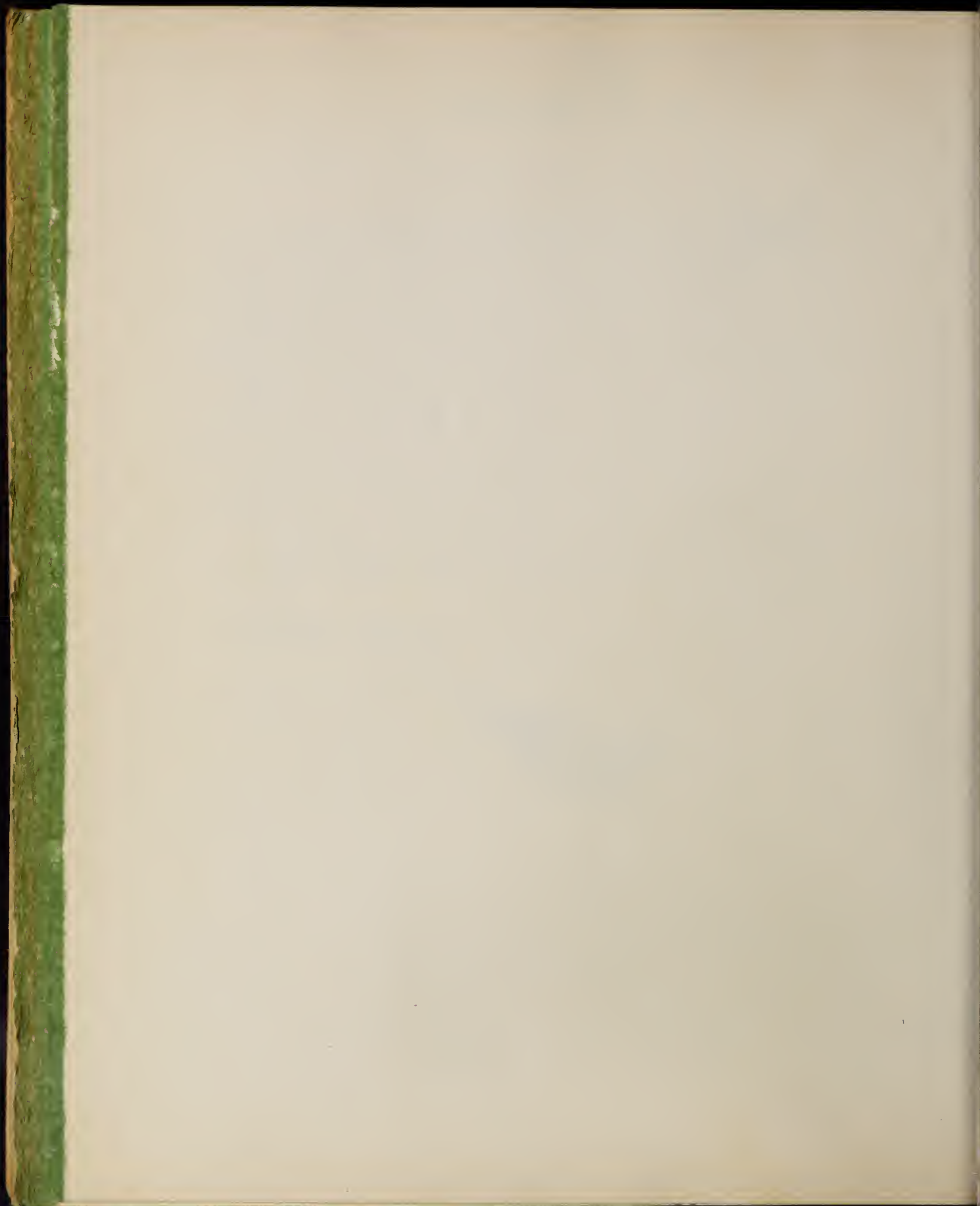


Music

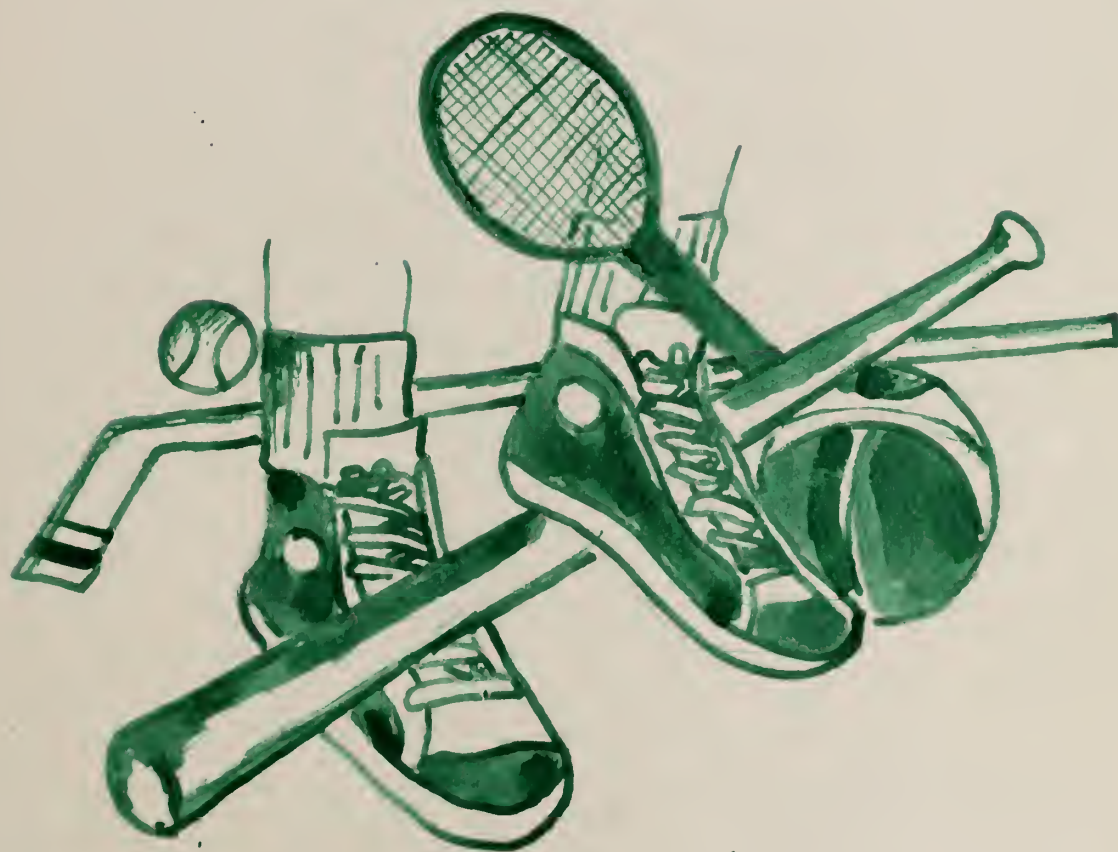
Music is emotion. It expresses perfectly hate, love, anger, suspense, or fear. Music is a way of life. Music is a subject to be studied. Music is a Christian hymn, or a lullaby, or a pagan tribal dance. It is the rhythmic tapping of a woodpecker's beak upon a tree trunk. It is the tempestuous beating of wind and rain upon the rooftop. It is the gentle, soft dripping of water upon the ground. It is the sound of a violin, or a drum, or a harp. It is the sound of a baby cooing to amuse himself. Music is a language, probably the only language, in which there is not one sarcastic word. Music is a means by which God can truly touch our lives and make them better.

Barbara Milstead

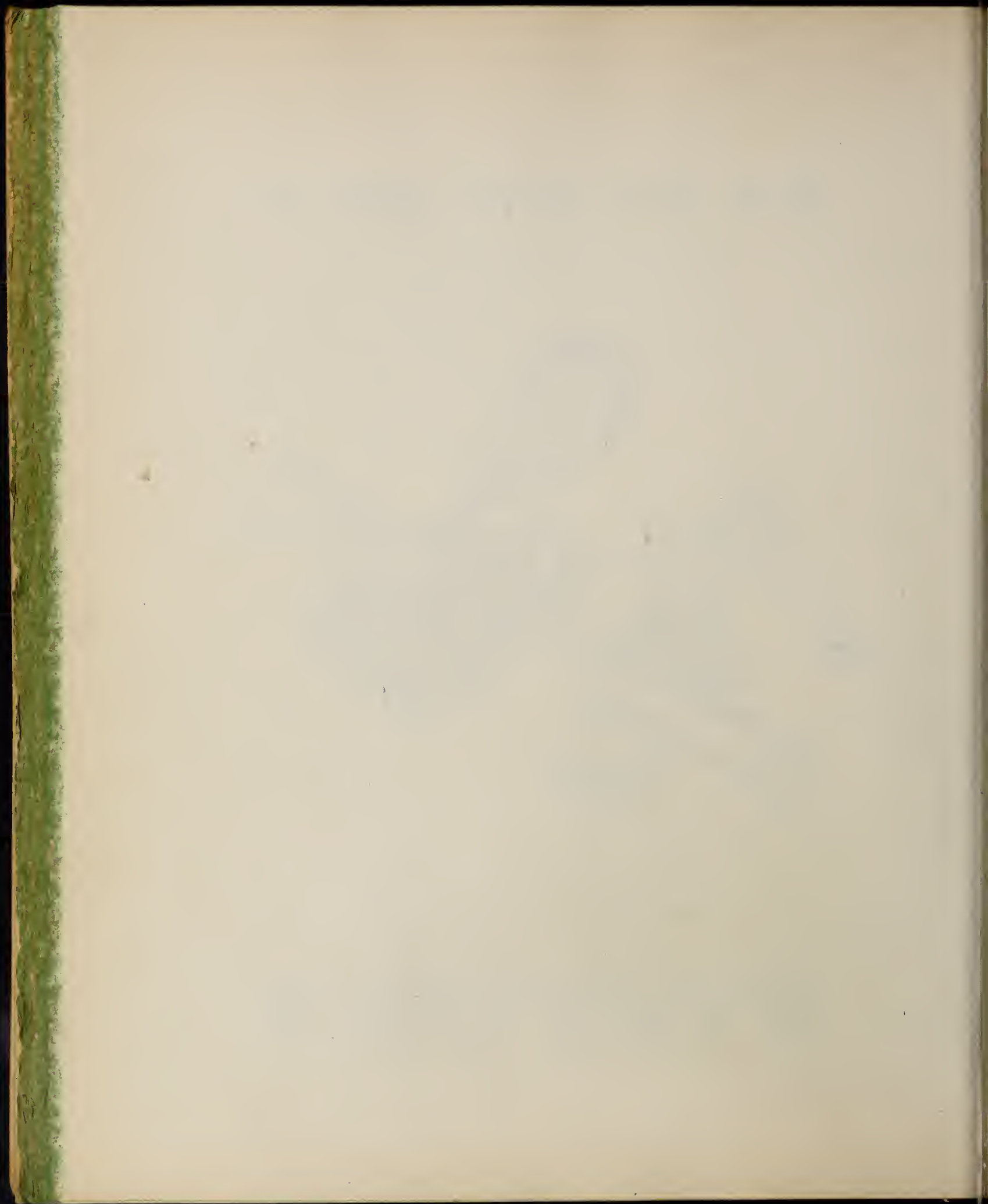




And the child grew in...



STATURE



My Idea of Bliss

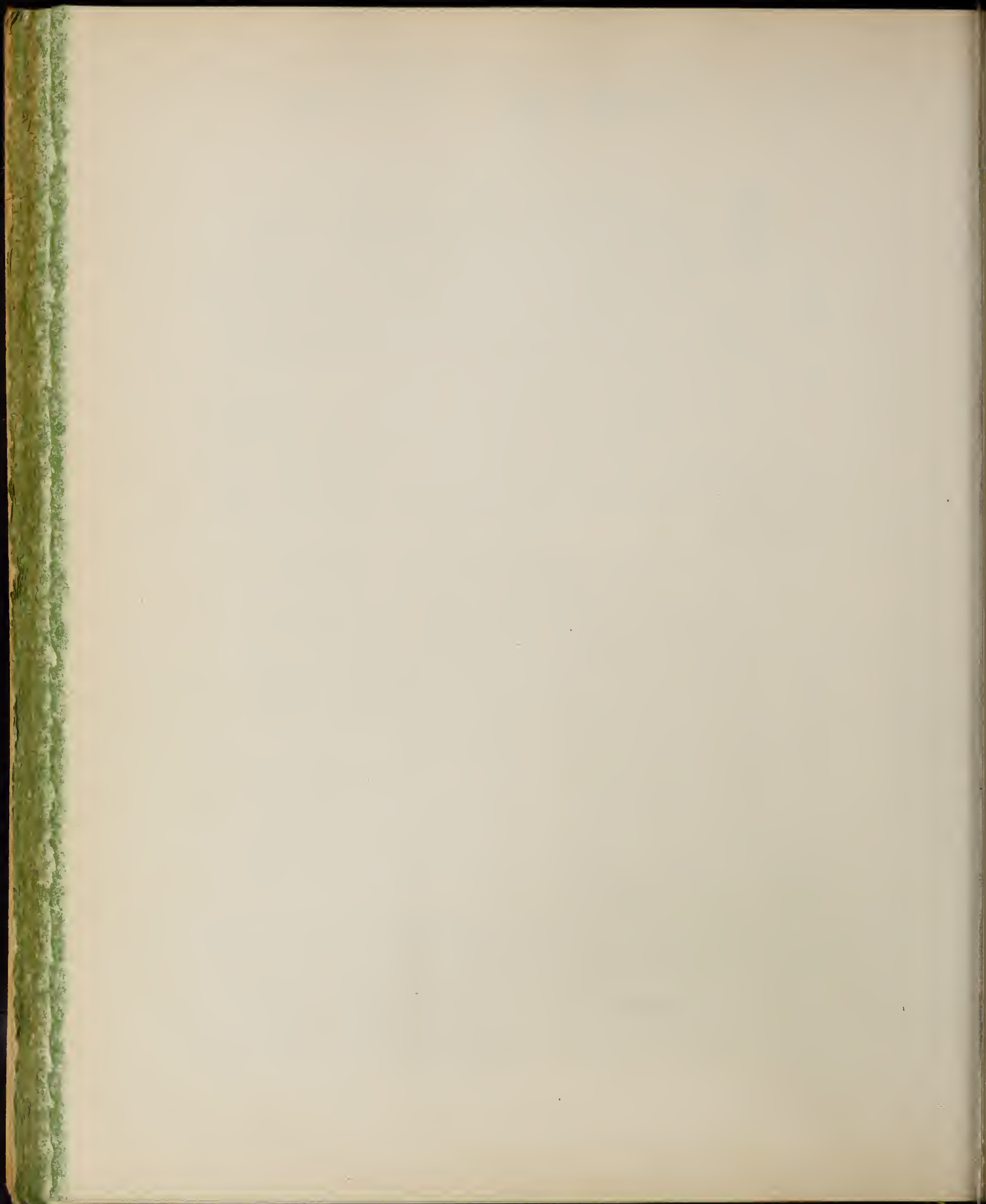
Some people find joy in the moving melodies of great composers. Others seem satisfied while amidst their favorite friends, and yet others of the younger adventurers find their promised land at the local soda fountain. However, the moment of perfect bliss comes to me when I step onto a basketball court.

Of all the sports I have ever played, basketball has speedily become my favorite. The shrill of a whistle, the swish of a well aimed shot, or the thumping of feet across a busy floor just thrill my very heart.

As soon as a future game is called, I find no rest until it has been played. I arrive at the gym, nervous and early, only to find the dressing-room half full of over-anxious players. Soon the latecomers arrive and I begin to strip off my street clothes. As the smooth and tidy uniform slowly covers my body, I picture myself as a king who is donning his royal robe.

An ever-mounting tension seems to make my blood run quicker and the feeling of an undigested meal, almost ready to object to its rugged treatment, prevails. Finally, the referee's whistle rings out into the gymnasium.

Once we get into the gymnasium, a feeling of tininess seizes my thumping but contented heart. The baskets seem so far away that I can't imagine how anyone could run that far. However, the quiet confident voice of the coach brings me to myself and we begin to



talk over the plays. The tense feeling now is lost in a wave of seemingly endless bliss. After a few last words, the coach leaves us under the basket for just a minute.

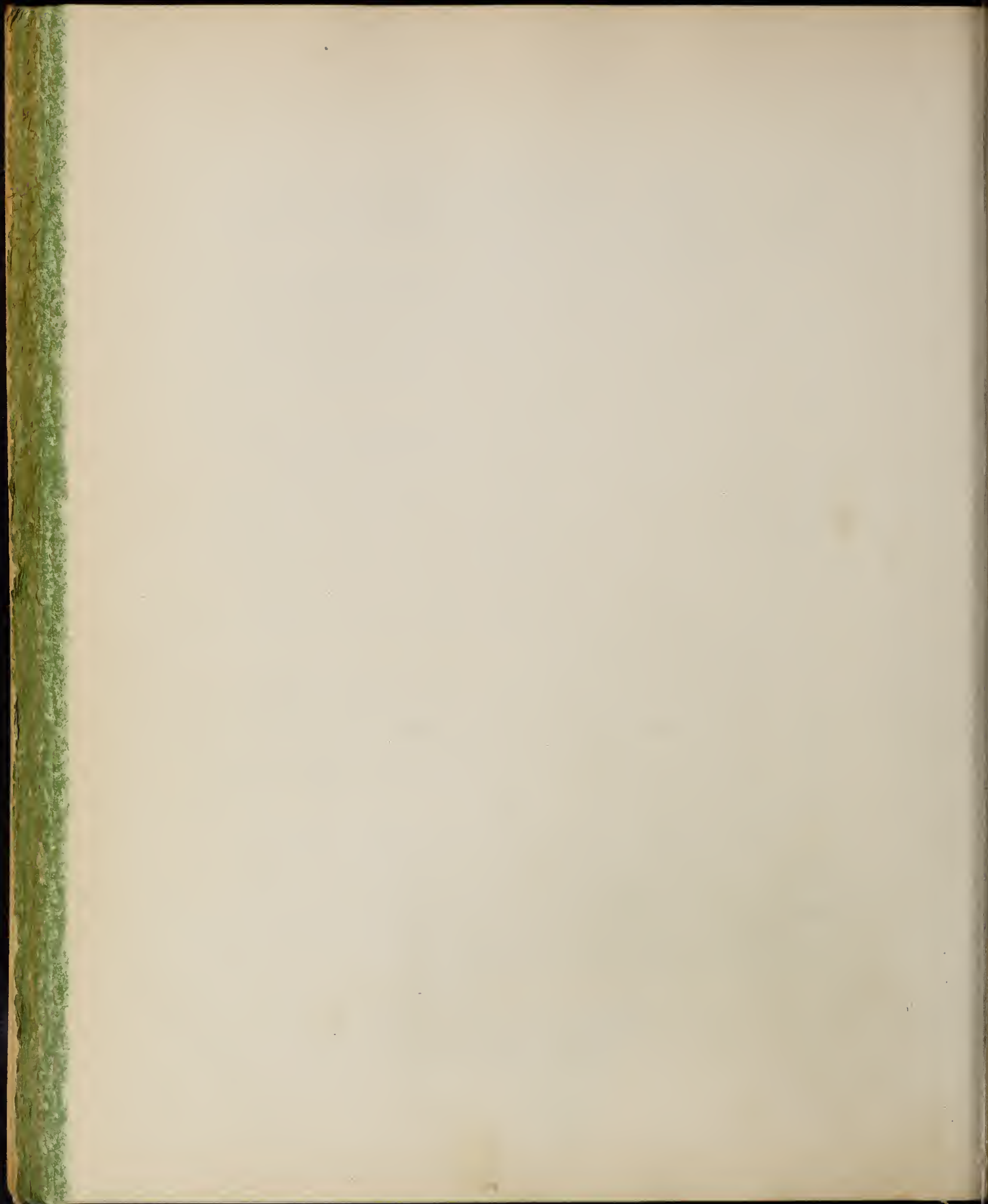
Finally, that minute crept into the pages of time and the referee brings us to the centre of the gym. As we gather around him, I am reminded of a group of quiet, contented animals resting under the shade tree of a pleasant pasture.

Suddenly, as though struck by some unexpected bolt of lightning, the ball is put into play and a feeling of helplessness sweeps over me. This is soon replaced by a swift dart of courage. The ball comes streaking from nowhere, just as a meteor across a starry sky. I then flip a pass to our tall centre and he scores the points. The crowd screams wildly, but a cool wave of bliss topples playfully within my soul.

A sharp pain along my side brings me back from paradise and seems to strike unexpectedly like a deadly snake. Soon, after a rest, I again enter the game as after a long hour of complete enjoyment, we manage to defeat the enemy.

In the dressing room I dress and shower slowly. Amid the chatter of voices and banging of lockers, the blissful state slowly leaves. I remember that the game has ended and my only consolation is the game to come next week.





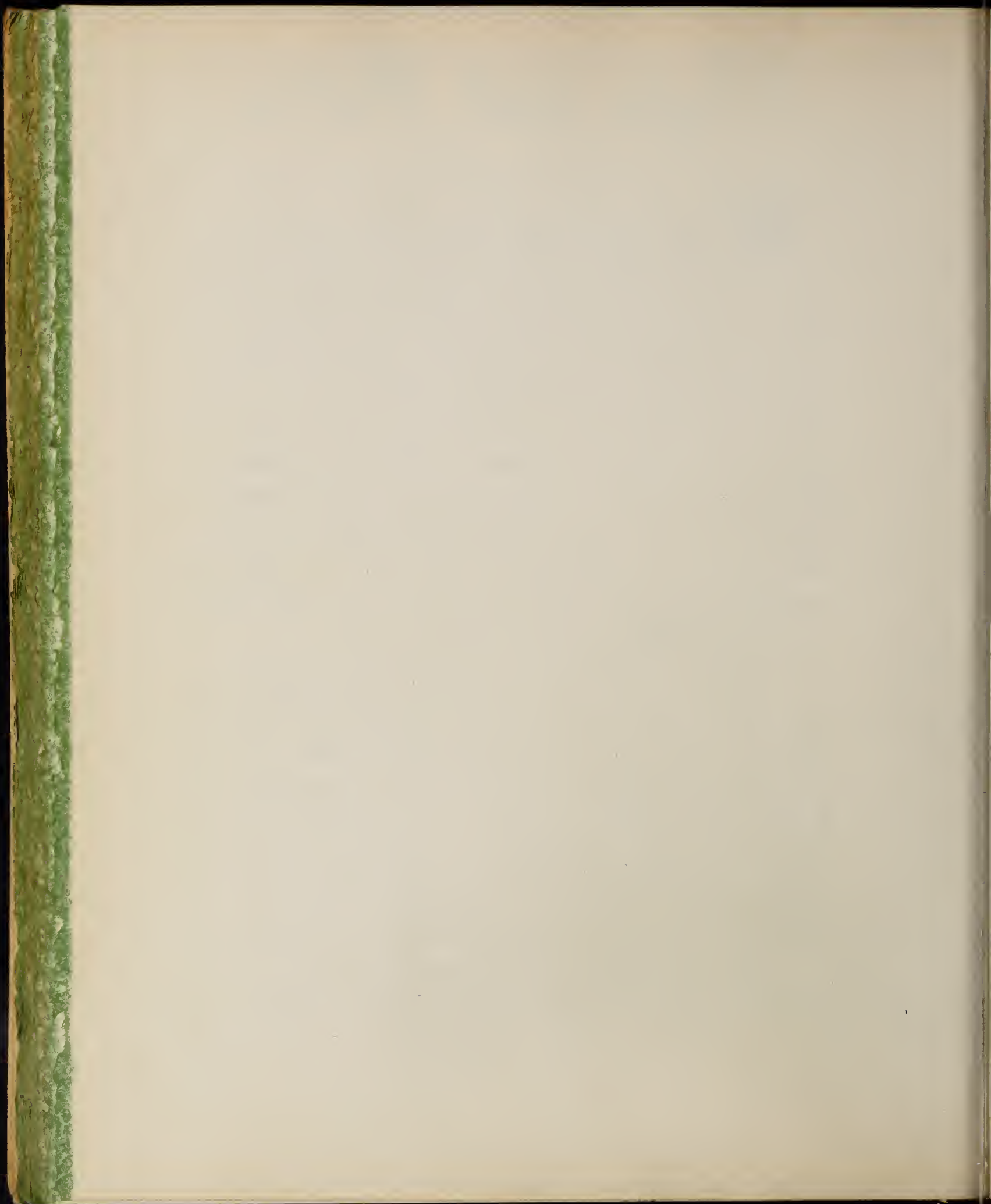
Chips and Water



hhsss - pluck - prrrr. Whhsss - pluck - prrrr. The sun glinted off the head of my ax as I swung it in a broad arch, whhsss, down into the log. Pluck! The maple trembled as my ax bit into its white, hard, flesh-like wood. Prrrr, the chips sang as they spun out, clean and white in the sunlight, from the notch my ax made in the log. Perspiration dripped from my nose and chin, trickled down my legs, ran down my arms and made the ax handle slippery, as I swung with steady rhythm, back bare, in the hot July sun. The heat reflected in sweltering waves from the dry pile of birch, elm, maple, and beach logs. My eyes were smarting from the glare of the sun and the salty perspiration which ran down over my forehead into the corners of my eyes.

Suddenly I dropped my ax in resignation. I could hear the solid thrusts of wood-cutting going on at the other side of the woodpile. "Hey, Cliff!" I shouted. The chopping ceased. My boyhood pal, Cliff Shunway, came around the end of the woodpile. "Yeah?" he said, wiping the drops of perspiration off his forehead with his wet arm. "Let's quit for a little while and take a dip in the pond. It's too hot to work anyway." "O.K.," he returned. "Let's go get our trunks and tell Dad we're going."

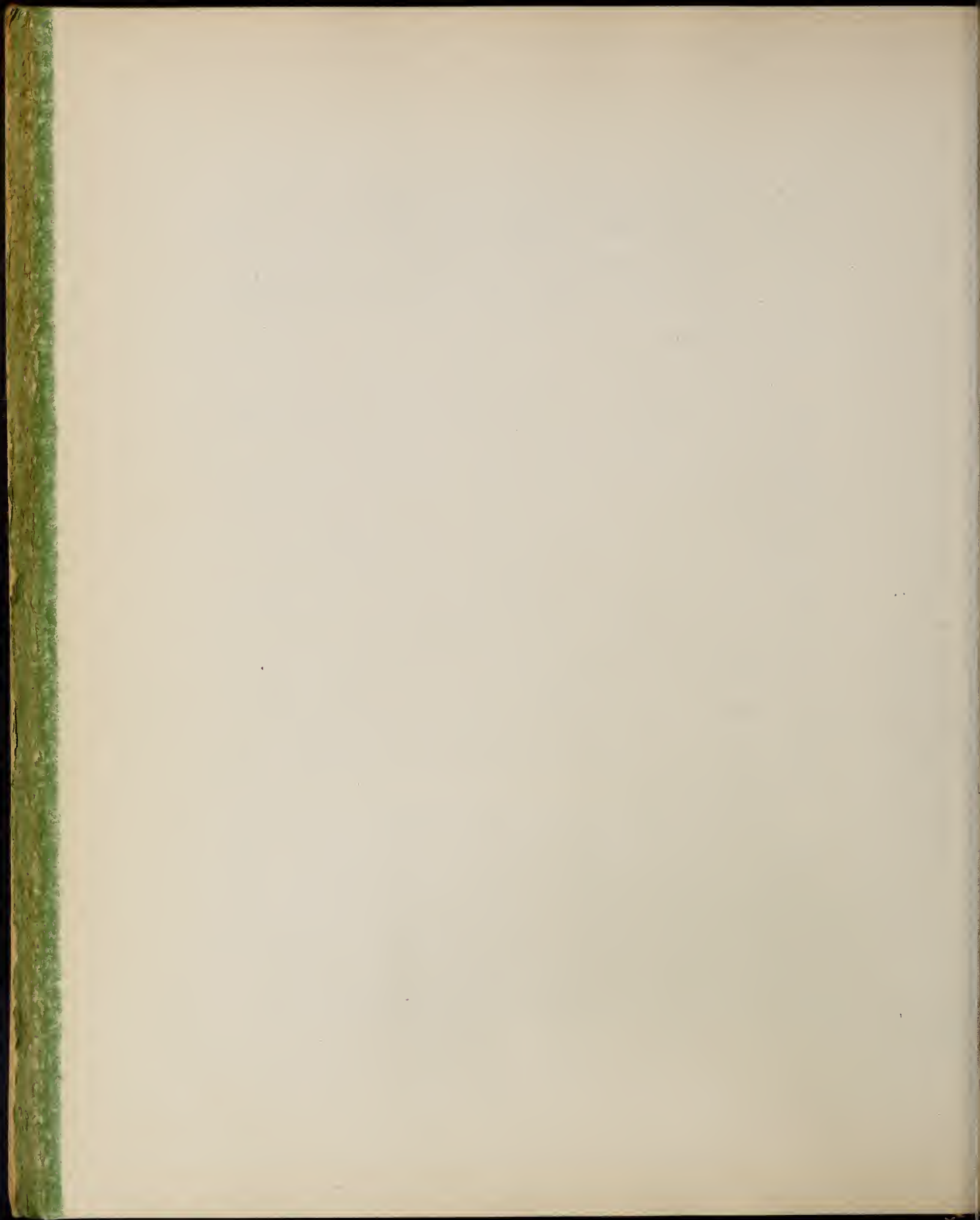
Before ten minutes had passed we were walking under the shade of the trees, in the pine-needled path which led toward the



pond. Arriving in a rush at the end of the cement walks which ran out to the spillway, we flopped down on some boards. I leaned over and stuck my hand into the water as soon as we caught our breath. "Boy, Cliff, it's just right!" Immediately we climbed into our trunks.

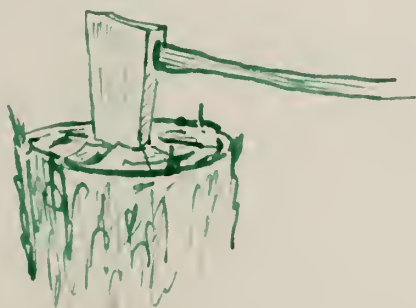
Cliff was the first to jump into the cool water. The concrete was warm from the hot sun which smothered the day with a lazy blanket of heat. Cliff's head came into view as he yelled, "Come on in, the water's fine!" "I'll race you across the pond!" I called, throwing my body, hands foremost, into the air. The water parted with a swish, then closed over my feet. For a few seconds I saw nothing but a green smooth wall, then burst into sunlight. Immediately Cliff turned, churning the water with powerful strokes, toward the opposite bank two hundred feet away. My long dive had carried me a couple of feet beyond where we were, giving me an advantage in distance as well as diving momentum.

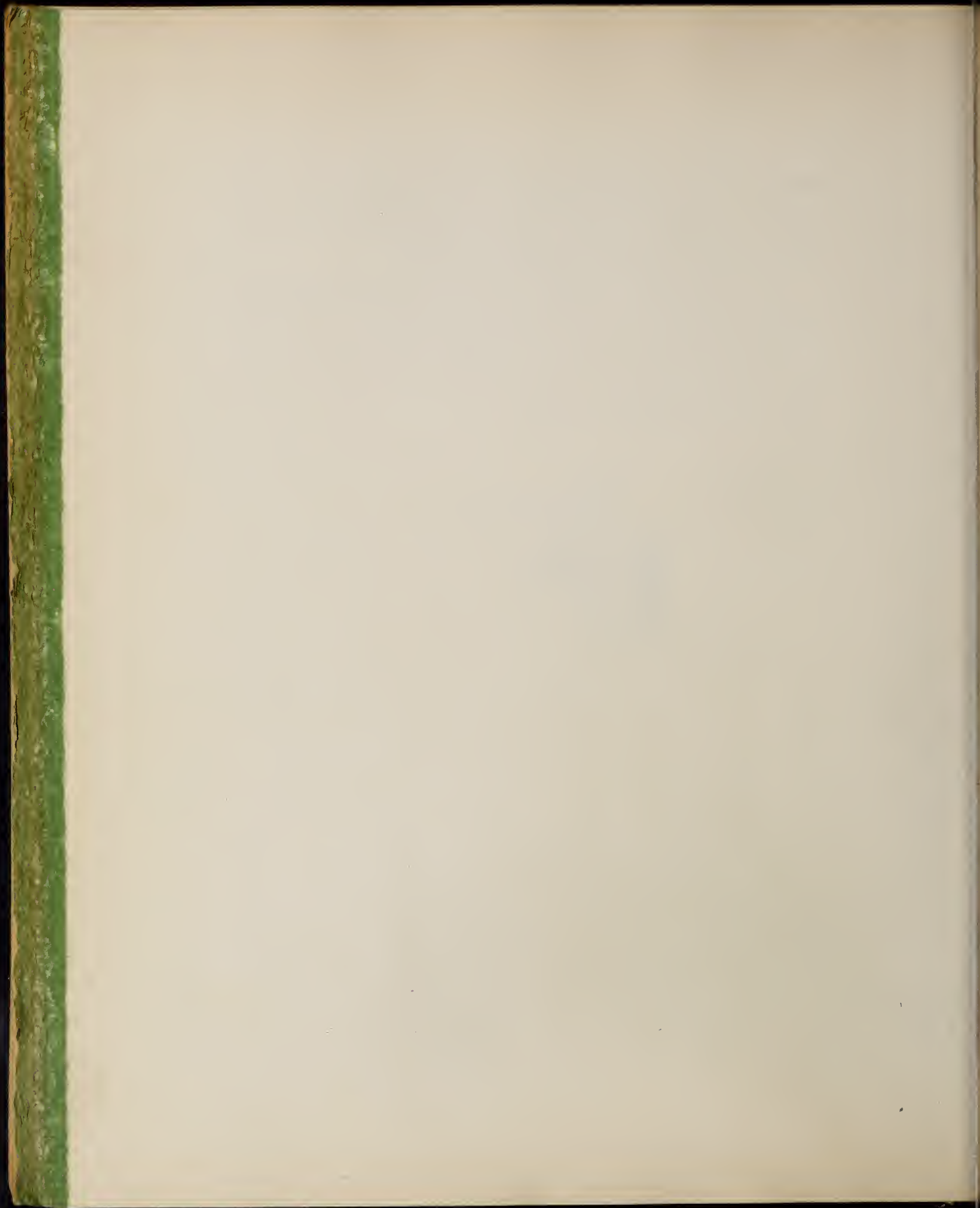
The water slid by in smooth, liquid ripples as I cut ahead with deft strokes. Each time I turned my head sideways I caught a glimpse of Cliff, furrowing the water with his energetic strokes to catch me. With increasing vigor I stroked more evenly and strongly, feeling the cool water ripple over my arms, chest, thighs, and legs. The opposite bank drew nearer and nearer.




Suddenly my feet touched bottom and I splashed up the bank, dripping wet, to lie exhausted in the pine needles while Cliff swam the remaining ten feet of his losing distance.

For long minutes we rested on our backs, laughing, enjoying the warmth of the sun on our wet bodies, listening to the ripple of the water and thinking how much better this was than swinging an ax in the hot glaring chipyard.



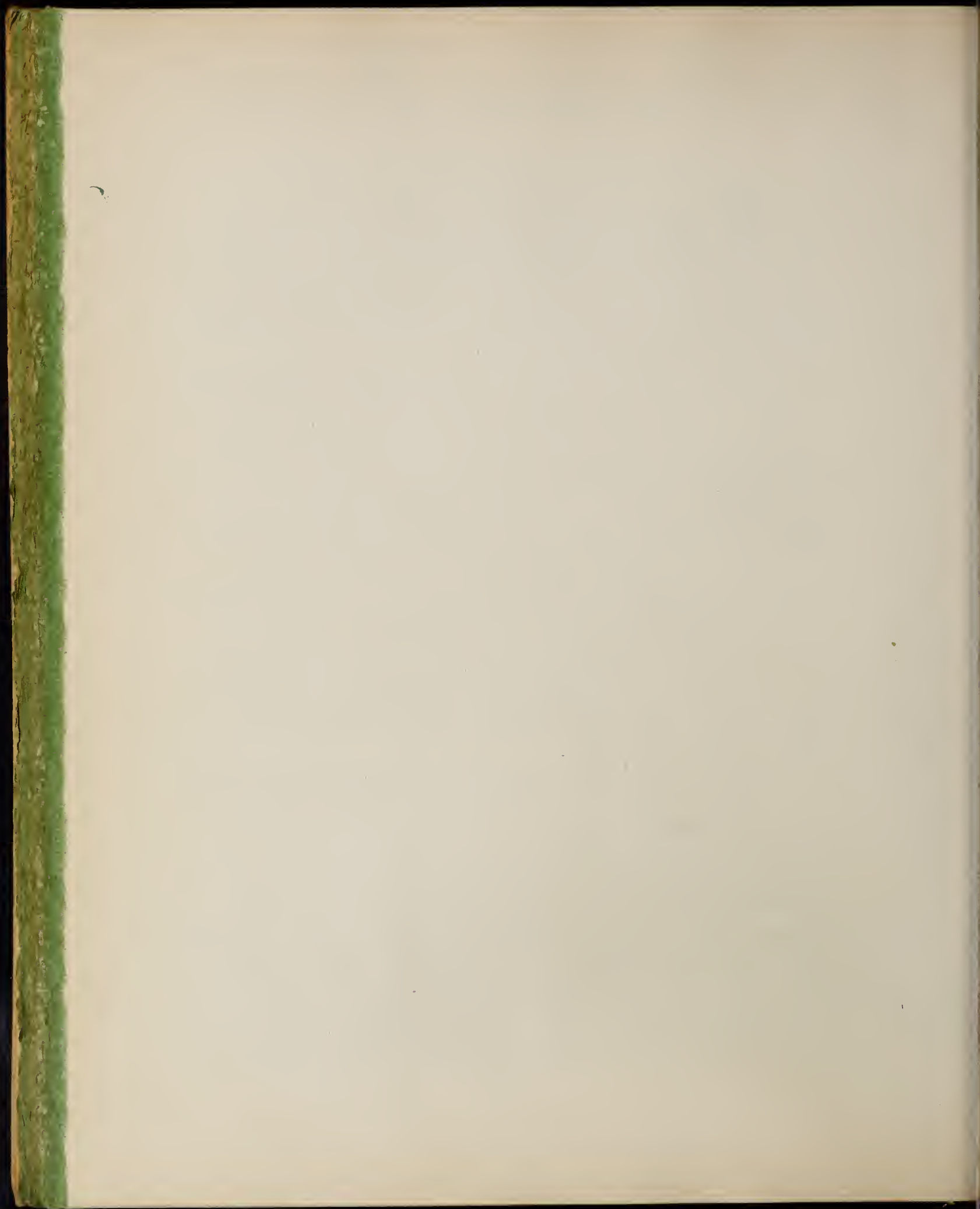


The Farmer's Battle

arm life is many times not so romantic and lovely as many people portray it. I have found that nature rides in fury against the farmer many, many times. For instance, let me draw an experience from my own life on a farm.

When the farmer sees thunderclouds threatening his new mown hay, he begins a race against the experienced runner, nature. Hastily harnessing the horses he begins his race for time. His sons hurry to the hayfield with pitchforks ready to begin the strenuous, sweaty work which lies ahead. Into the wagon the great bundles of hay begin to go. Muscles strain and brows become wet with sweat from the hot dryness of the atmosphere before the thunderstorm. On top of the rising load of hay the farmer spears the bundles of hay as they are thrown up to him, hurriedly placing them while watching the advancing thunder-clouds; working harder with each passing moment; racing against time.

The boys on the ground begin to strip the wet shirts which stick to their hot, sweaty arms, chests and backs. The atmosphere seems to grow stuffy and close and heavy as the rippling muscles of the bare backs strain harder with each bundle thrown into the wagon. The dust, seeds, and small, light bits of hay fall thickly around the boys as they throw each bundle up to the farmer. The dust seems to choke their breath which comes in hard, short gasps and their wet, hot bodies become caked with hay, seeds, and the dust which begins



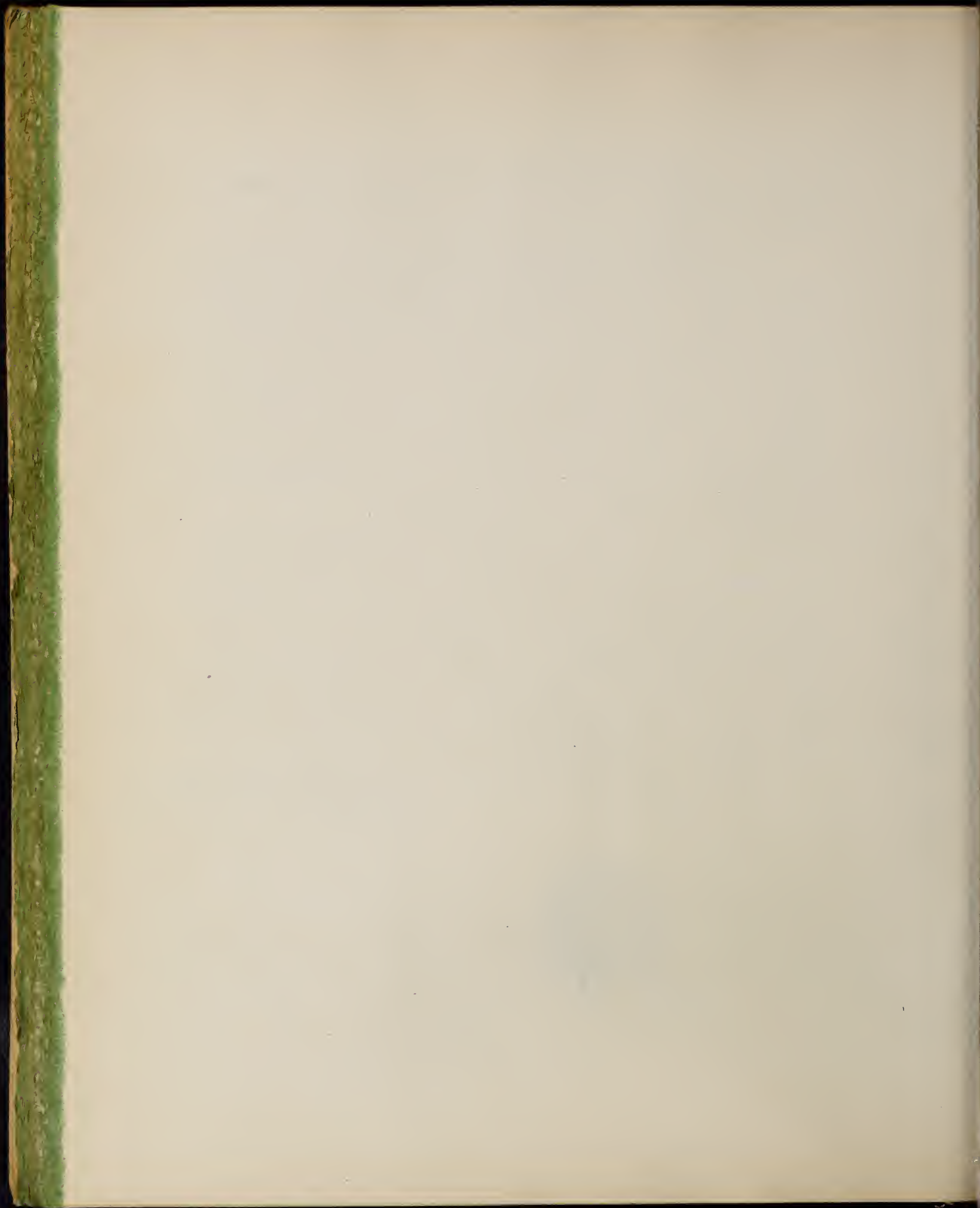
to burn and irritate the skin until the itching and burning seems nearly unbearable.

Faster and faster these human robots work with red, wet, hot, itching skins and weary muscles until the first drops of rain begin to fall. With a grab of the reins and a quick command the farmer starts his horses on a trot to the barn. The rain falls faster and the horses are made to increase their gait. Higher and higher excitement rises; faster and harder the horses are hurried until at last they reach the barnyard. Quickly the hay is drawn under the carriage house, to safety. The race has been won!

Now the farmer begins to unharness the lathered horses wearily. The exhausted boys trudge across the field feeling the cool, refreshing rain beat on their hot bodies, trickling down across their itching skin and making furrows in the caked dust. Slowly the boys walk toward the farmhouse, not caring whether or not they become drenched; only caring for the cool refreshing of the raindrops and the knowledge that one more phase of their battle against nature has been won.

Malcolm H. Shene





My Shining Hour

T

he shouts of "Bingo!" sounded from the booths in one corner of the field. The rumble of the rolling balls and the thud of the falling pins in the outdoor bowling alley gave depth to the high babble of voices. The flap of the fortune teller's tent waved constantly back and forth, as people went in and out, in and out. A carnival? No, just "Field Day" in our town!

It was all exciting, but I could see only the little plane which landed, took off, and landed again. It taxied down the field, turned around, picked up speed, and in a cloud of dust, its wheels broke connection with the earth. Up, up it went, the hot summer sun glistening on its silver wings. I stole nearer and nearer to the landing strip.

"It costs three dollars to go up? For just a few minutes?" I turned sadly away. I never could ask Dad for that much money!

"Two small people can go up at once," I heard someone say.
"Then it is only \$1.50 apiece."

I must have been only a blur of flying legs as I streaked up the street, and burst into our house in an agony of childish desire.

Mother was dubious. "Suppose the engine failed, and you came down on our lilac bush in the front yard with a pile of wreckage on top of you?"

But father gave me the needed \$1.50. I clutched it tightly, and went out of the house triumphantly, ready to conquer the sky. That plane wouldn't fall. Mother was just old-fashioned. My motto was: "Blood filling the streets, and me without a spoon!"

The little door in the silver shoulders opened, and I clambered in beside my partner. Our good-natured pilot buckled us in. The engine roared and we giggled hysterically as the plane left the ground and the little crowd that had gathered to see us off. I am afraid that some of my confidence fled, as I realized that there was only a thin sheet of metal between me and space. The pilot seemed to sense my discomfort, for he obligingly extended his hand.

"You can hold it a while, if you get frightened."

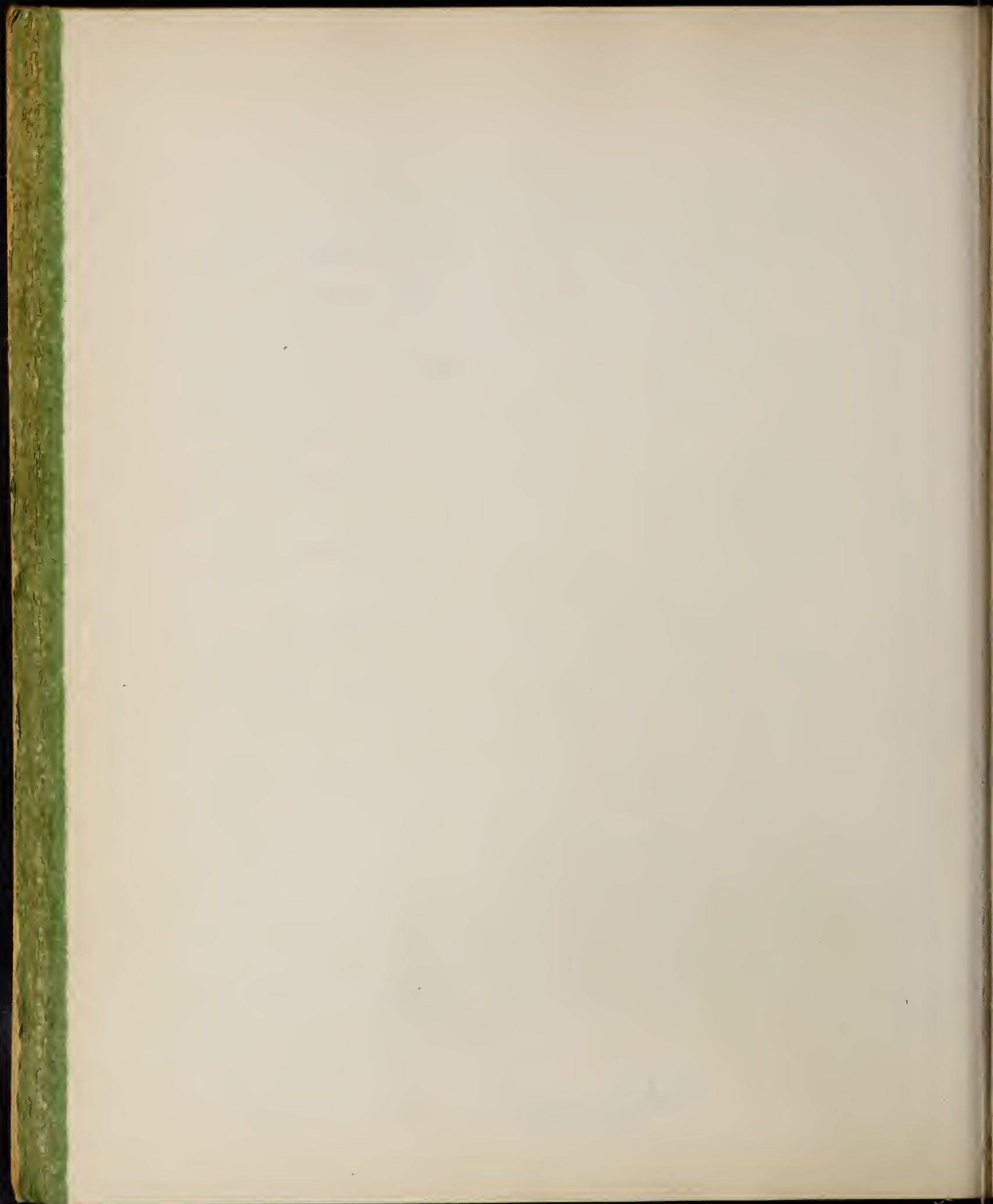
As the tension eased, I ventured to look out the window. I saw what looked like a doll village on a relief map. Tiny rows of houses, and squares of brown gardens against the green. There was the little stone church, and there was our house!

As the pilot banked his wings, a sickening feeling came over me. Nothing but a pane of glass and these straps held me up. What a feeling to be suspended between earth and sky! We circled the river and the low-lying hills surrounding it. Then much too soon the earth crept nearer and nearer, and with a jolt came to meet us.

The solid ground felt good under my feet. But I couldn't admit it: My shining hour was gone.

Echel Mullen





Food

Lately I have become food conscious. Not until recently did I give much consideration to the kind and amount of food I ate. Two factors have combined within the past month to bring about this calorie watchfulness in me.

Firstly my sister has gone to work for the Public Health Service. She has been assigned to a research project, which requires her to weigh overweight women. It will be her job to draw up some sort of chart to indicate the relative effectiveness of various methods of reducing.

What has perhaps made me most conscious of the evils of overweight, however, is my uncle's diet. Uncle George was never one to suffer in silence. A "good" eater for all of his fifty years, he has suddenly been placed on a diet which, according to him, would have seemed diminutive to Ghandi. He has tried to avenge his wounded appetite by taking it out on the rest of the family, and has pretty well succeeded.

All the old sayings which usually taunt fat men, he has turned to weapons. "The best way to dig your grave is with a knife and fork." "The most effective way to reduce is to place one's hands firmly on the edge of the table and push!" These and countless others have become the main points in the mealtime conversation.

I could be wrong, but it seems to me that people on diets



--like children with past-operation scars, like to show them. I have heard my uncle recite his diet so often with what seems a sadistic gleam in his half-starved eyes, that I know it protein for protein. "Three fingers of meat" seems to be the backbone of menu, surrounded generously by such rabbit food as lettuce and apples.

This constant assault on my diet would only make me eat more, but coupled as it is with the scholarly pronouncement of my sister as she dashes, scale-in-hand, from one weighing-in to another, it has given me cause to think. For example, did you know that you would have to walk four and one-half miles to walk off the calories of one candy bar? Carried to its logical conclusion this would mean about 200 miles for a turkey dinner. Which reminds me! I'd better get started. Got 45 miles to do tonight. I shouldn't have eaten those cream puffs.

Robert P. Smith

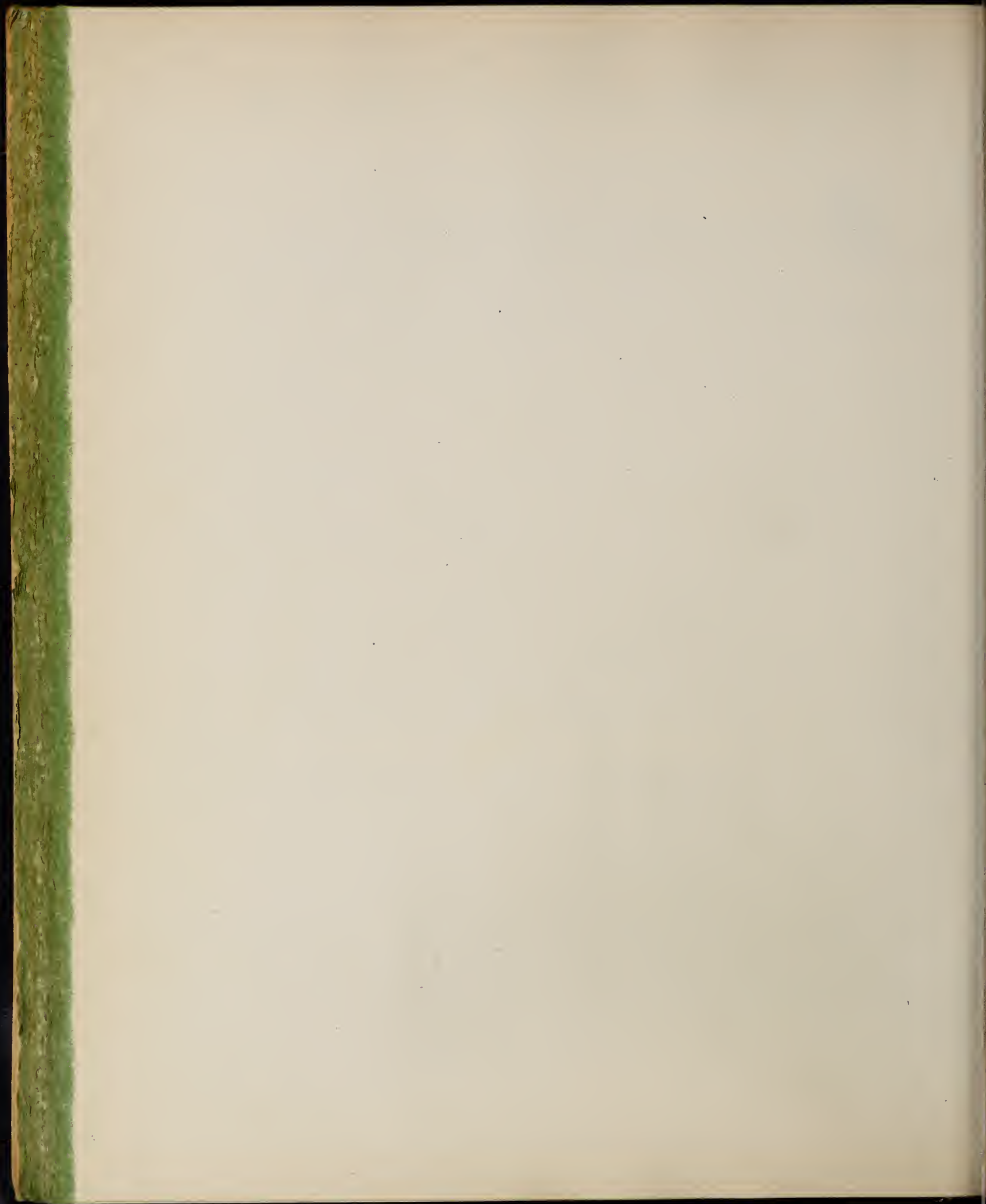


Daytime Nightmare

As I opened the door and walked in, I immediately recognized the very familiar smell of a dentist's office. It wasn't an ultra-modern office, and yet all the instruments kept me gazing continually.

"Please be seated," he said, for I was there by appointment. The first thing I noticed was the little round white marble sink. You know, the one where the water goes round and round. I watched the water for a minute. Then he sat me gently back in the chair. I was unprepared when the chair tilted back. It made me want to get up and run. I noticed that the look on his face was showing everything but confidence; a great help to me indeed. The little round mirror on the long steel stick was thrust inside what the dentist must have thought was a reproduction of the Grand Canyon. The taste of cold steel in my mouth was very appetizing, especially when I realized that eating during the next few hours might be impossible. My jaw felt as if it would lock, having been wide open all of seventy-five seconds.

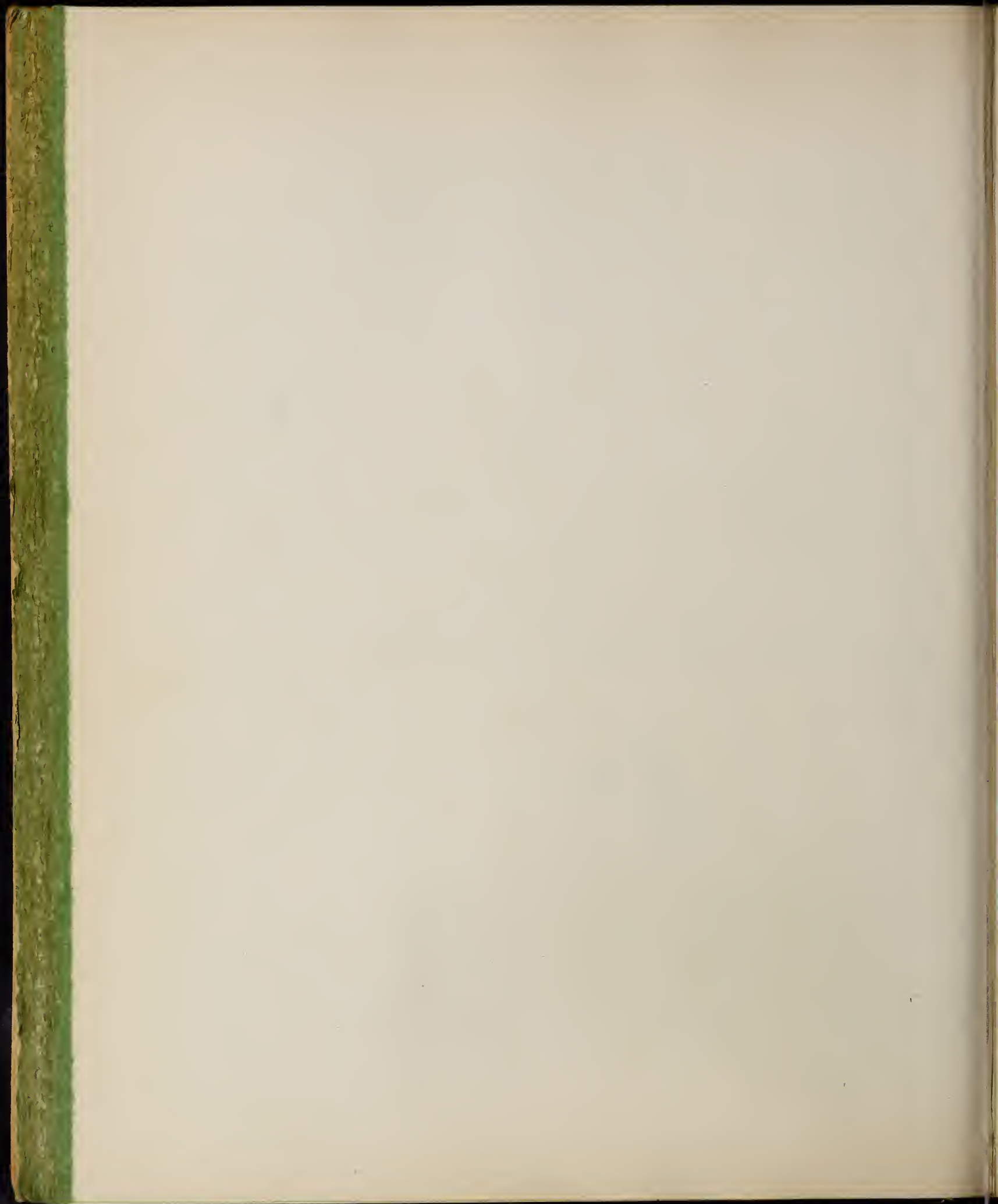
The extremely complicated machine above me then broke the death-like silence with a non-melodious hum. Surely you remember the machine I am talking about; the one that looks as if it might be able to attack from any angle. As the machine seemingly came to life, an extra lengthy steel toothpick was playing a twangy tune between my teeth. Then the humming machine went to work on me. Goose flesh stood out from my head to my feet. The drill bit looked to be about the size of the head of a pin, but



felt like a standard size pencil eraser twirling on my tooth. At last the dentist rested. As he did so, I noticed the five different sizes of dental forceps in a glass case. The thought caressed my brain, "That large pair must be for horses." The dentist came back. As he shoved his fingers into my mouth, I tasted the cigarette that he had smoked while resting. Not very pleasant! "Nurse, prepare for extraction," were his next words. I guess the drilling didn't work. Clear fluid squirted from the needle as the nurse prepared the instrument. The injection didn't hurt. Before long I didn't feel anything from my neck upward. The dentist gripped the forceps----yes, the ones I had chosen for a horse. He (the dentist) grunted quite convincingly, and then my jaw broke. I then experienced a different taste. "Rinse," he said.

I managed to utter, "Is it out already?" Yes----there it was in the grip of the forceps. "Well!" thought I, "I must be a horse."

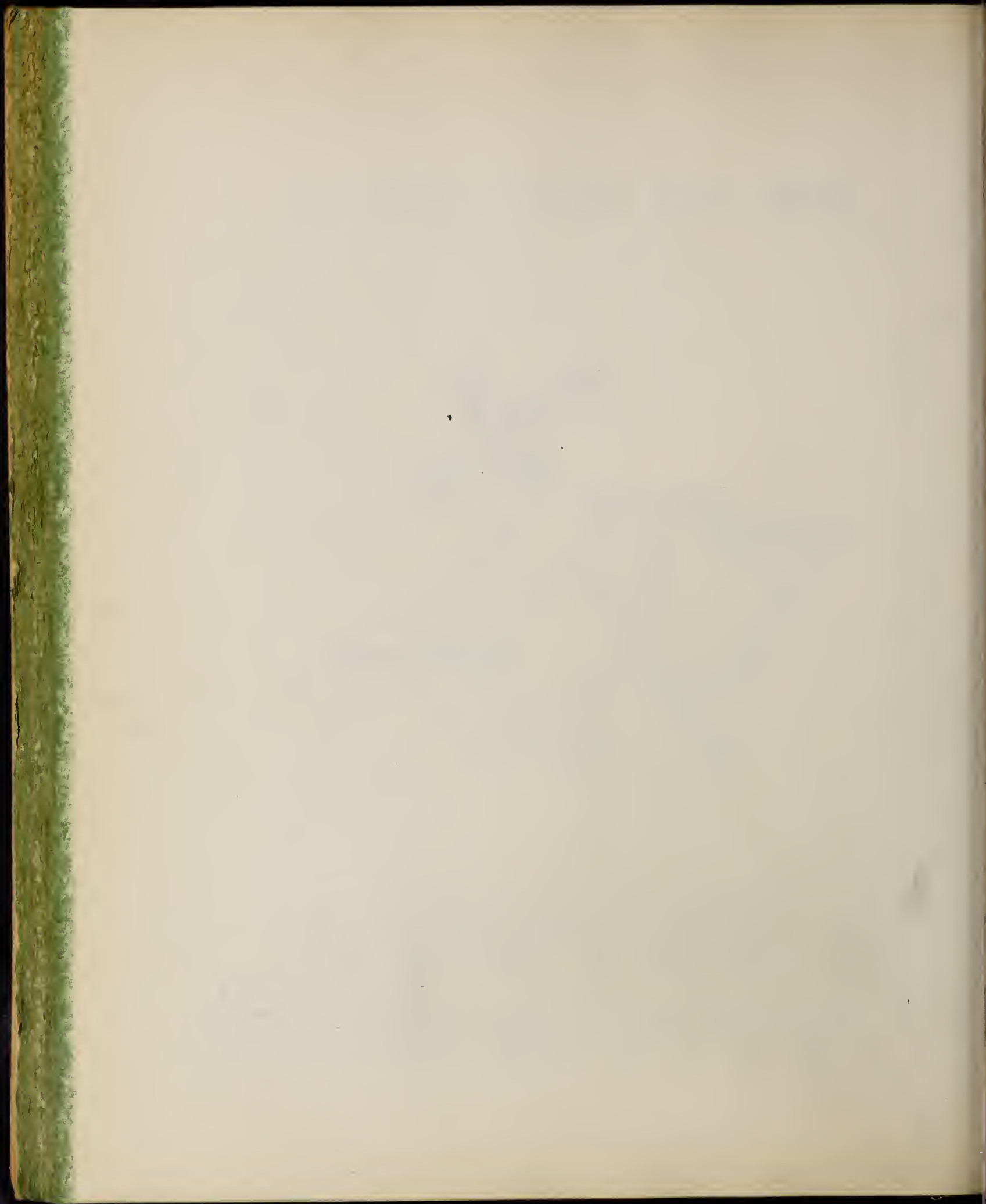




And the child grew in...



FAVOUR
WITH GOD



A Miracle Today


--I saw a miracle today--

The sky was dark and rough the bay,
The beach was torn and disarrayed,
For Man had come some hours before
To spend the day with nature's lore.
Now Man was gone, but in his wake,
Was all the mess that he could make.
I gazed around; my heart grew sad,
For where God once had laid the sand
In neat array, Man, in one day,
Had changed it all to disarray.
Then, as I watched, my breath came short,
God sent the tide to mend Man's work.
The sea was calm; the moon shone through
To make the sand of golden hue.

Ann Burdett

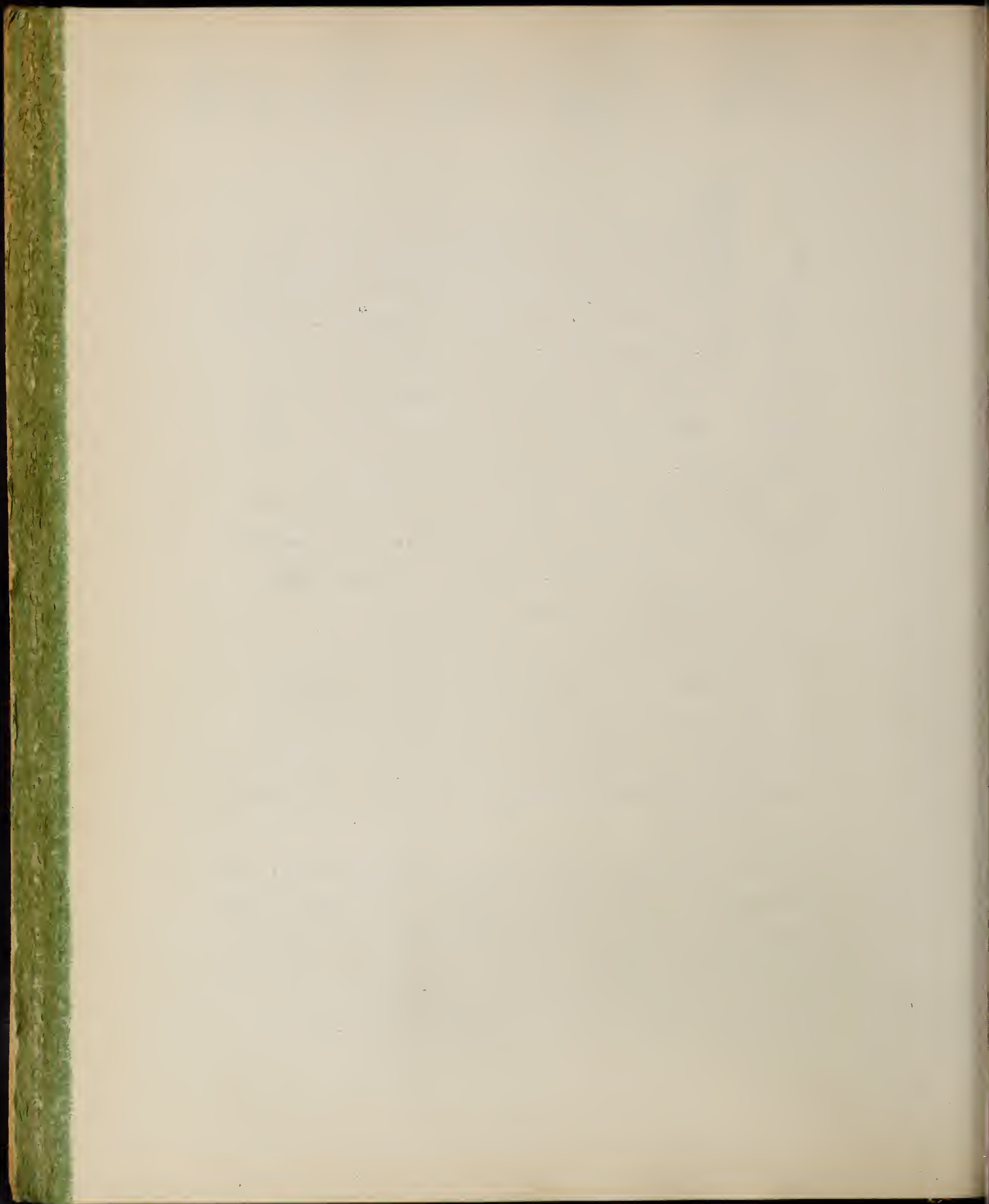


He Kept the Faith

t has been seven years since Gramp passed away. Yet I remember him as well as though we had just had one of our little talks. We were pals ever since I can remember. When a lad of seven, I used to walk the few blocks from my home in Waltham to the church where Gramp was preparing his Sunday's sermons. Gently I would open the door a crack and then step quietly inside. I don't know why I never barged in.

There he'd sit tipped back in his favorite swivel chair, his short, stubby legs crossed at the ankles. On his lap would rest his old well-worn Bible. I could see his index finger moving along the lines of print. The sun streaming in from the window behind him shone through his thin, gray-white hair like a sort of halo. Even at seventy his complexion was ruddy and his blue eyes were bright. While he was reading, his little round spectacles usually rested down on his nose. A visiting pastor made the remark that Gramp was "the cutest little preacher I have ever seen."

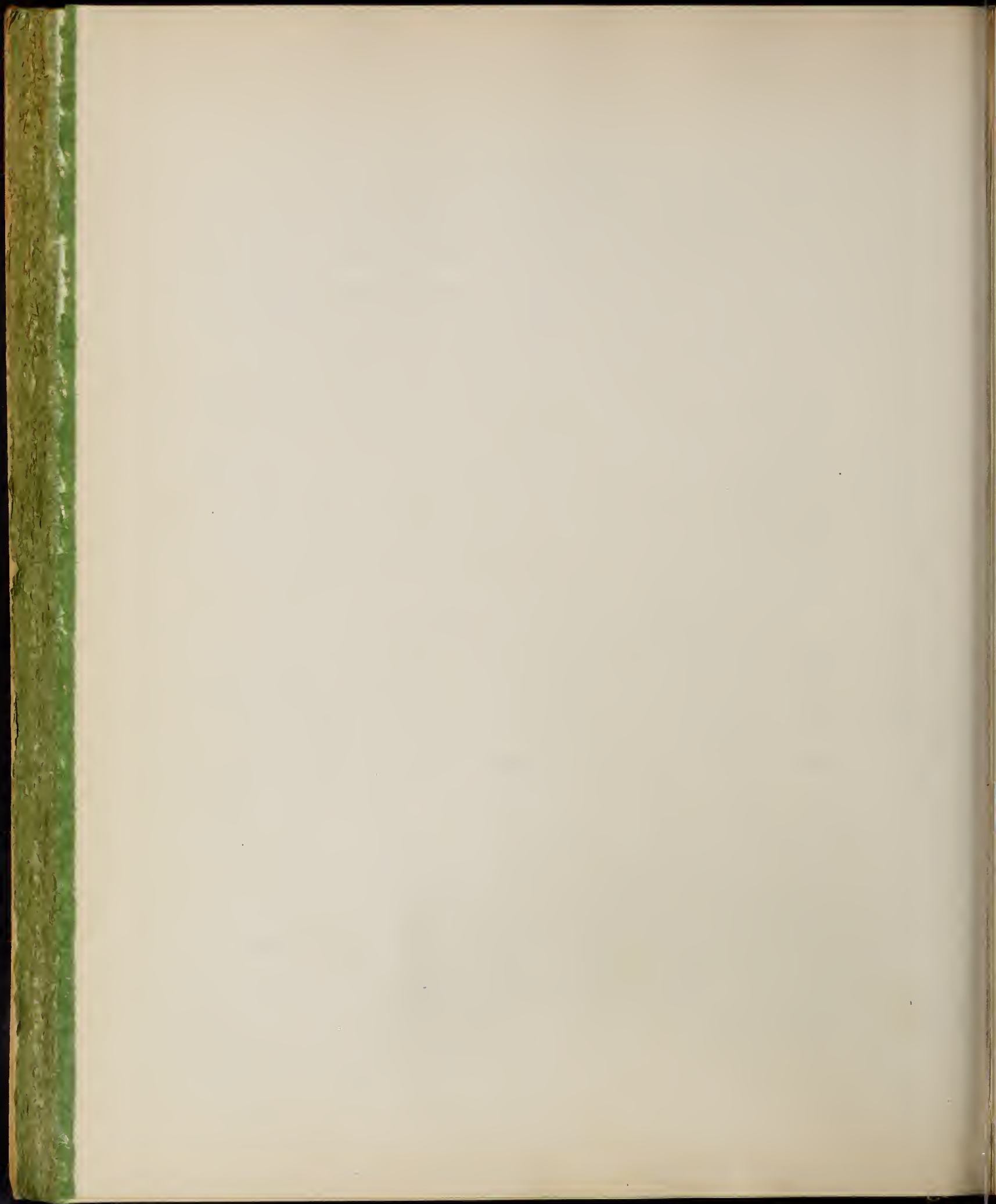
Gramp almost never looked up when I entered his study. Maybe he wanted to finish reading the chapter, but I always thought he was just playing a game of who-will-speak-first? Presently he'd grin and say, "Well, what do you know today?" I would tell him the latest news and he'd take it all in as if I were a



statesman making a very important speech.

I usually stayed as long as I dared and then would return home in time for supper. Quite often, however, Gramp would call home to ask the all-important question, "Can Paul stay overnight?" Mom almost never refused. I think she knew that her dad felt the loss of children in the home. They were all grown up now, and although they made frequent visits, things weren't the same. How I loved to snuggle under the covers of that big double bed and listen to the many tales that Gramp would tell. He always included a Bible story. In my estimation no one could tell a Bible story quite like Gramp. When I look back on those years I really believe that the happiest times I ever had were spent with Gramp.

His preaching was always "straight from the shoulder." He never compromised with the devil one iota. Gramp said what he thought and was little concerned about the reaction that followed. No, the congregation were not always pleased with his sermons but they could never say that those sermons were not the truth. A rugged, old-time, fire and brimstone preacher - that was Gramp. In the pulpit with both fists flying and voice booming forth he denounced sin until I trembled. Then he leaned across the pulpit and with tears streaming down his face, whispered, "Christ said, 'My yoke is easy and my burden is light'." I never went to sleep under Gramp's preaching. He always had something to say that was worth hearing.



At seventy-three Gramp went on to his reward. On his grave beneath the name "Rev. T.W. DeLong" is this inscription: "He kept the Faith." When I go out to the beautiful cemetery in Lexington, and stand beside that plaque I say to myself, "God help me to keep the Faith as Gramp did. I want his mantle to fall on me."

Paul Rundlett



What is Church?

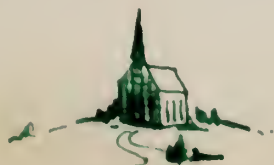
Church is the little basement building around the corner from my home. Church is the people whom I have known and loved for many years: the little ones tugging at my skirt begging my attention, the older ones gently giving advice and encouragement, the young folks I know so well, with their eager expectant looks, their laughter, sometimes merry and sometimes not so merry.

Church is the little choir, sometimes missing a note or two, or maybe a tenor a little off key, but all of them striving to do their best. And speaking of choir, I couldn't forget Mrs. Sweet who always gasps and looks as though she were taking her last breath when she is singing. But somehow you love her because you know she is putting her "all" into the song even though you might want to laugh at her expressions.

Church is the one who stands behind the sacred desk. The pastor. The one who preaches Sunday after Sunday, giving forth the gospel and pleading with the people who have wandered to get right with God. The one who takes my hand and says, "Stick to it, kid, and be good." The one who guides my spiritual life and helps me on my way.

Church is the singing, the praying, the preaching, but most of all, the seeking.

Church is the altar. Around the altar, the central figure of the church, come the penitent, weary wanderers to seek the peace which our Christ stands ready to offer. Christ is the theme of the church, MY church.



Bevern Armstrong

God's Picture Puzzle

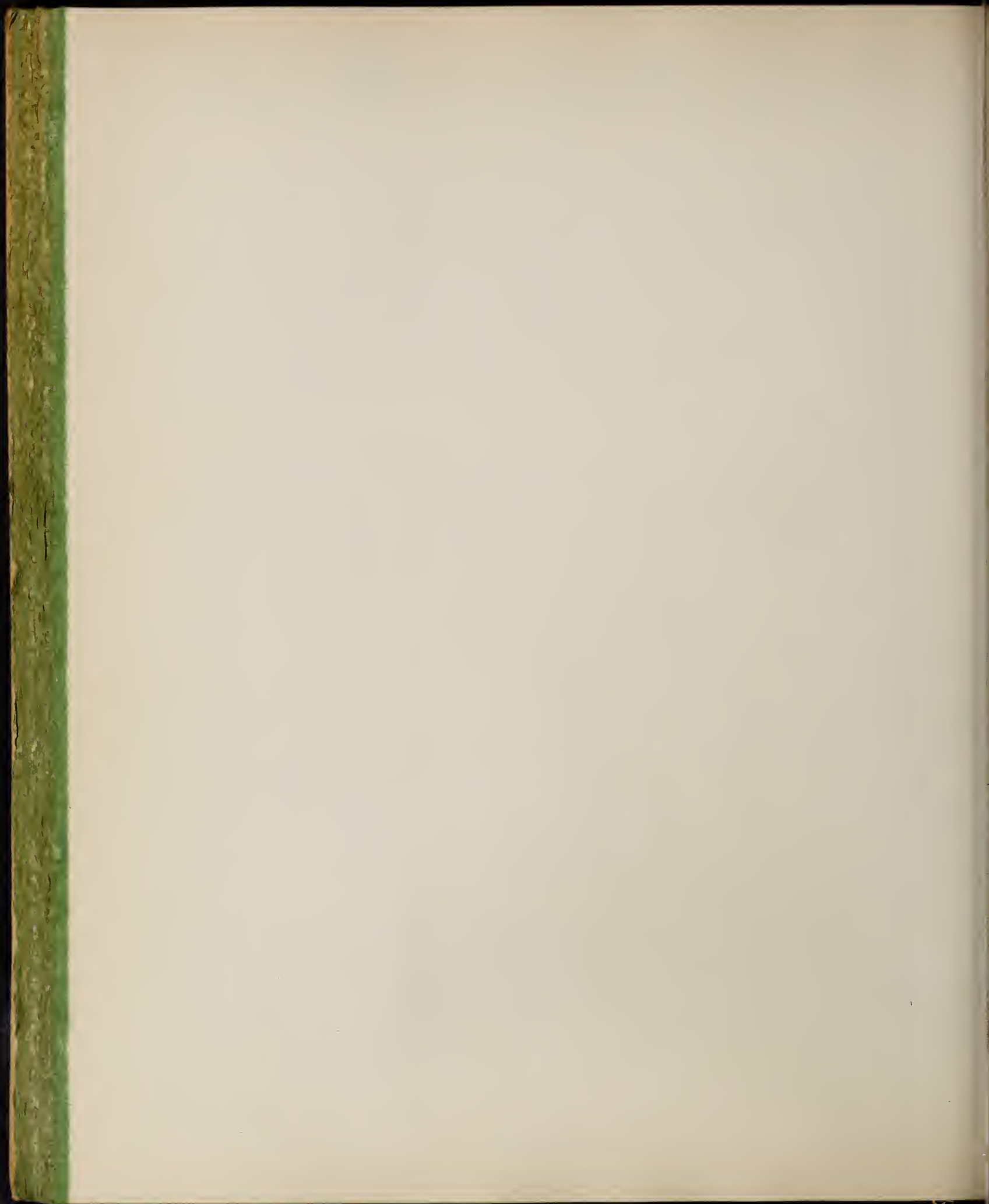


I know of an ideal spot to spend a hot afternoon with a blanket and a mind full of dreams in late July. It is a hill that reaches farther into the sky than the surrounding hills in this little valley where the sun and the moon are intimate friends with the trees of the forest and the trout of the streams so that the blue skies and green hills mingle together harmoniously.

Sitting on this little hill I feel as much a part of the picture as the cows grazing in the pasture at my right and the apple trees in the orchard at my left. The valley stretches out in front of me like a small gorgeously colored section of God's majestic picture-puzzle world. There is a small blue lake, dotted with little white ducks, resting in the lowest part of the valley. The evergreen trees which make a dark green fringe around the entire lake are mirrored in the dark cool depths of the water.

Nestled throughout the ravines and hills of the valley are a few scattered homes which harbor a population of approximately three hundred men, women and children. Many times as the children grow up they leave the seclusion of the valley for the thrills of the city but a large per cent of them return to make their homes here in the quiet restfulness of the green hills and blue lake.

As I meditate here on the hill I think of the infinitesimal wonders God has created in nature and of the many boys and girls who have grown into healthy, clean-minded, courageous men and women because of the indi-

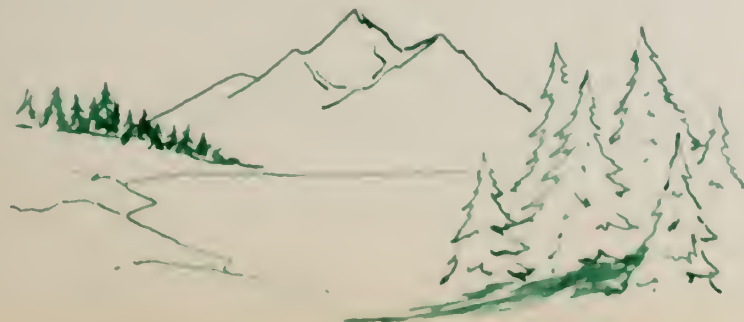


rect forces of nature.

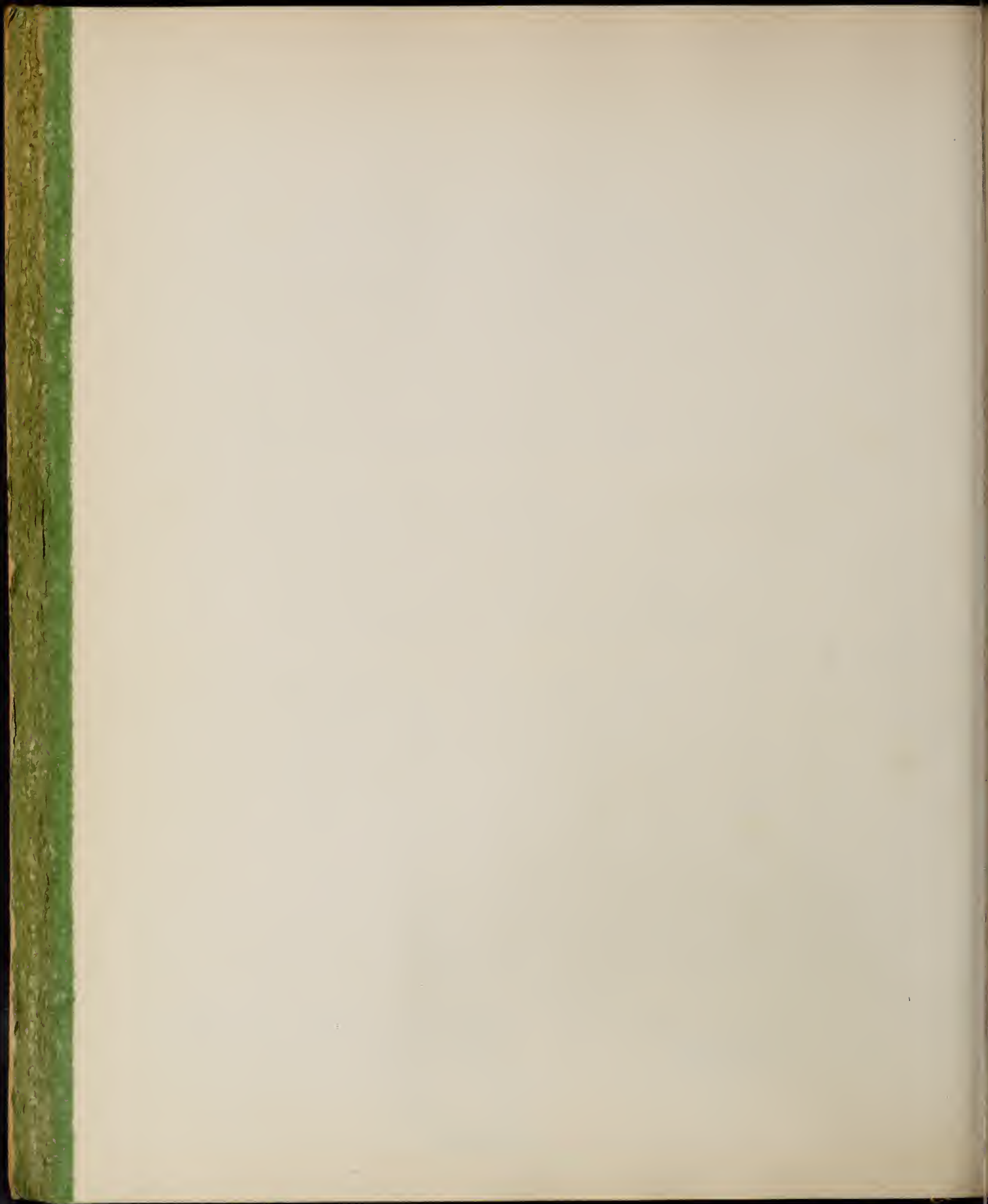
Leaving the serenity of the country I am driving along the main highway which leads into the city of Butler, Pennsylvania. It is late evening and the lights in the homes and along the streets against the darkness of night give the city the appearance of a starry sky. I wonder at the potential of man when I view the skyscrapers and thousands of automobiles he has constructed. These machines which seem so marvelous to man are but slow and clumsy when compared with God's shooting stars and swiftly moving planets.

I wonder what God thinks of the accomplishments of the human beings He created so long ago. Is He disappointed that they haven't put the talents He gave them to more unselfish projects or does He feel satisfied? He is a merciful God to deal so leniently with the shortcomings of the modern man and woman.

Here I see a far more complex section of God's picture puzzle. In any place when large numbers of human beings live together the social, religious and material aspects of life become very involved. God made the country and He made the city, and for all types of life He created people to fill the tiny parts of the larger sections of his picture puzzle. How humble I feel when I think of the wonders of Christ. Of all places in the world, I feel closest to Him while sitting on the hill in the valley and gazing at the intricacies of his workmanship.



Sam Lee Dugg



Communism and Christianity

There are several defects in the theory of communism which make it an impossibility for such a government to provide the needs for which it was set up. Man's ambition and selfishness prevent him from building such a society as its founders hoped for. The slogan, "from each according to his ability; to each according to his need", breaks down in a non-Christian society. The early church was able to carry on such a program only because the love of God in man's heart had taken away the desire for personal gain and selfish living. This temporary solution to the economic problems of the church does not work when men have not had their lust for worldly possessions taken away. We are, however, able to give God our all and have Him supply our needs because of His divinity and omniscience.

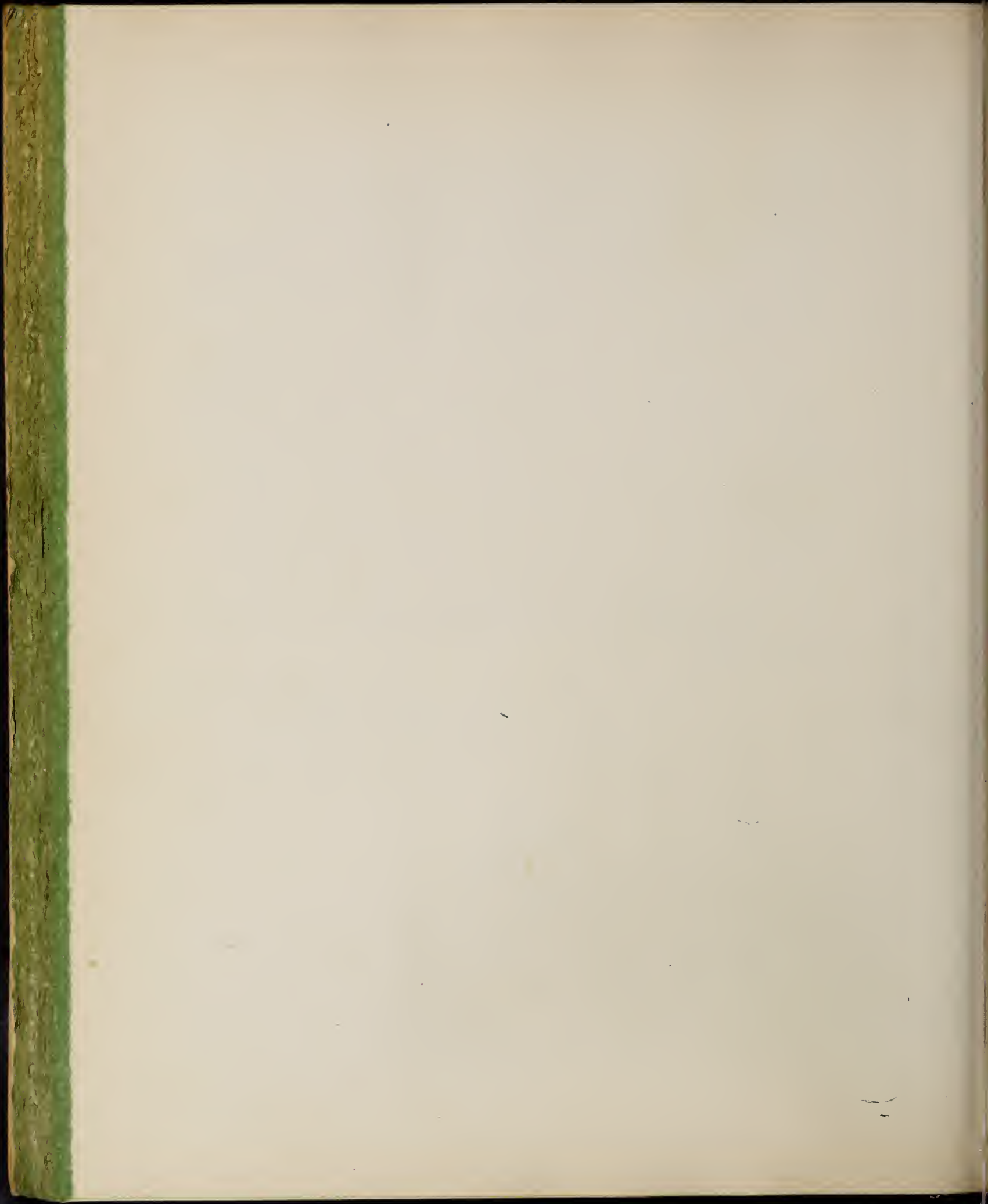
Another failure of communism is that it does not recognize the sanctity of the individual. "The individual is nothing; the collective mass is all." The welfare of the state is put above the welfare of the individual. Moreover, the privilege of choosing and deciding is taken from the individual and put into the hands of the state. Unfortunately, the government is not able to decide wisely and the individual suffers. We can not even entrust an institution such as the church to make all our decisions for us. We must ourselves, through the help of God who knows the end from the beginning, choose and decide. The sanctity of the individual must be honored in order for Christianity to take roots in a society. Communism in Russia,

as well as fascism in Germany and imperialism in Japan, counted the individual as nothing and denied God a place in their society. Christianity has flourished in democracy and socialism. (Although socialism has put capital into the hands of the government, it leaves the individual his rights and freedom to choose.)

It is a dangerous matter when we allow the cause to be greater than the individual. As Christians we ought to recognize that "while there is a lower class, I am in it; while there is a criminal element, I am of it; while there is a soul in prison, I am not free." We should not let the plans and program of our church be greater than our passion for lost souls. Our human institutions, such as the church, will someday pass away, but man's soul faces eternity. That communism does not give man his place in society is one of its weakest points.

Yöger Kain





Soliloquy

Canst thou by searching find out God?" Job asked this question centuries ago and men are still asking it today. Where is God? How big is He? How far away? Does He rule the universe or is He just a figment of the imagination?

I could visualize the universe better if I could make a scale model of it with the planets and stars revolving in their respective orbits. But I find immediately that I would need a darkroom of enormous size to hang my planets in. Finally a little mathematics tells me that the project would be utterly impossible if made to scale. If the sun were made the size of a medium-sized grapefruit and placed in the center of the campus of Eastern Nazarene College, the earth would be a mere pinhead in size and would have to be placed forty-five feet from the sun while Pluto, the planet farthest from the sun, could not be placed on the campus at all, but would describe an orbit which would cut through the streets of Wollaston some five blocks from campus. On the same scale Alpha Centauri, the nearest star, would be located somewhere in eastern California.

Yet we consider our earth to be very large. From the window of an airplane I remember watching the horizon while it broadened until I could see more than a hundred miles in all directions. I could view the miniature houses of millions of people at a glance. But even though the world seemed at my feet, the same area appears as a very small spot on a large map which represents but a small section

of our pinhead earth. In contrast one may ponder over the tiny atom which is infinitely smaller than anything our largest microscopes can show us and of which all people and things are made. This thought is as staggering to the imagination as our concept of the stars.

"Now," a voice says, "do you presume to believe that there is a God who created all this, and yet who locates your little earth among the millions of bodies in the sky and finds your dwelling place out of the multitudes of the World and answers your prayer that you whisper to Him?" How shall I dare believe this? Was the Jesus who walked our dirt roads God?

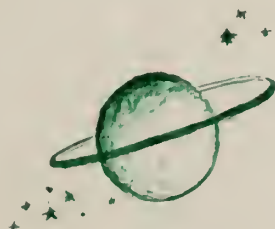
And yet I don't seem to have any difficulty in admitting the existence of a Devil whose voice suggests these things to me even though he too is a being beyond my ability to explain, for he is able to deal directly with each living person at the same time. Also my thinking has been mechanical. Therefore if I were to prove that God does not exist I would have to do so mechanically to be consistent. And since my mind does not even begin to comprehend the universe mechanically, perhaps my limited viewpoint makes any proof seem preposterous.

As I back away from the jumping-off place, I discover something I had missed before. All around me are evidences of design which seems to fit into every other part as though the universe had been planned that way. I remember, for instance, a bird which feeds between the tides on a worm living at the bottom of a hole in the sand. The beak of the bird is just as long as the hole is deep and just as large in diameter. At the end of the beak there is a hinged flap which enables


the bird to grasp the worm without opening its beak since the hole would prevent it from being opened anyway. One seems to be made for the other. This could be nothing but the design of a creator! If the magnificence of the universe staggers me, my lack of faith shames me in the face of such affectionate care, lavished on a little bird we hardly notice. It is a thrill to believe in a God like this. I may not be able to explain God mechanically, but He is here in evidence everywhere I look.

"And thou, Lord, in the beginning hast laid the foundation of the earth; and the heavens are the works of thine hands: They shall perish; but thou remainest; and they all shall wax old as doth a garment; And as a vesture shalt thou fold them up, and they shall be changed: But thou art the same, and thy years shall not fail."

Joe Duncan



Suffer Them.... Inasmuch...

uffer the little children to come unto me and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of God." Mark 10:14. "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me." Mathew 25:40.

In the past few months these two verses have come to have a special meaning for me. After I had prayed to be led to some kind of work where I could be of service to my Master, God opened the way for me to work in a children's mission in the Italian slums of Boston.

The average child in the Haven is Italian, is seven to eight years of age and has beautiful or handsome features. Along with the fiery disposition characteristic of Italians, the average child, probably coming from a broken home, has developed many individual attitudes and complexes.

When I think of the Haven, I think of Chippy. Chippy, with the candor of a six-year-old, has unconsciously succeeded in making me love him. With sandy bristly hair, wide blue eyes, and all the rest of the features of an average American boy, Chippy succeeds in looking like a model on the cover of WOMAN'S DAY. Similar to most of his playmates, Chippy comes from a broken home and his mother works all day. Thus the child is deeply confused and reacts negatively

to all situations in which he feels inferior to his contemporaries. Through the shadow of Chippy's fiery disposition and stubborn will, once in awhile, for a short time, a very sweet nature will shine through. At the moment when I am ready to lose all patience with Chippy, he unconsciously gives me a glimpse of the person he could be in the future if he has guidance now. That thought restrains my impatience at times when Chippy appears to be hopelessly spoiled.

Then there are Anthony and Jo-Jo. They also have very fiery dispositions but their redeeming feature is their creative ability. I think of Bunny with her elf-like personality and over-abundance of energy----Carol with her beautiful features which are being spoiled through neglect----Queenie, with knowledge far beyond her seven years----Joey, with the threat of reform school shadowing every activity----and Jeanie with her unusual musical ability. Each one of these children has won a special place in my heart even though I have not quite, as yet, captured their hearts.

Not only does this opportunity give me personal pleasure, but it also gives me joy to be of service to God. The children know all the main Bible stories. My main problem is to relate the Bible stories to their individual daily lives. One day while I was telling some of the boys the story of Joseph in Egypt, I asked the boys if they could tell me why Joseph treated his brothers so kindly when they had been so mean to him. Expecting the usual answer, I was totally unprepared for Chippy's sincere, "Miss Ann, you

remember that Joseph's brothers had taken his coat of lots of colors. Well, Miss Ann, Joseph figured if he was nice to his brothers, he might be able to sneak that coat away from his brothers when they weren't looking."

Chippy's reply appears very funny on the surface, but it has become quite a challenge to me. Because I have comic books, movies, and especially television to compete with, I must work all the harder to teach those children, how to take the great truths of the Bible and initiate them into the very fiber of their daily living.

"Suffer them-----Inasmuch," means as much today as it did when Jesus walked the earth. I know, for I am proving it every day.

Ann Burdett



Why I Believe in Prayer

T

he story is told of a minister who called at Johnnie's house. In the course of conversation the minister asked him, "Do you pray every night?"

"Naw," Johnnie replied, "some nights I don't want anything."

Some people share this selfish view of prayer. Prayer is not only for personal petition. It is for confession, praise, thanksgiving, worship, and intercession for others. Prayer is a ministry of supplication for others and adoration of God, as well as requests for self.

There are three main reasons why I believe in prayer. First, I believe in prayer because I believe in God. In God, there is power, intelligence, purpose and character. Through prayer to God, I am able to forge ahead doing His will. I am able to find a purpose in life, and to build up my character through Him. He helps me to help myself and help others.

Second, I believe in prayer because I believe in the testimony of people I know. My pastor has told me many times what prayer can do for us. My parents have also told me what prayers can do. These three wonderful people I believe in sincerely and I know that what they say is true.

I believe in the testimony of people I have read of and heard about. In the dark days of the Civil War Abraham Lincoln

would say, "I have been driven again and again to my knees because I did not know where else to go."

When William Gladstone was Prime Minister of the British Empire his habits of prayer were well known to those who enjoyed his friendship. He would now and then leave his friends in order that he might read his Bible and pray.

During World War I when Marshal Foch was in supreme command of the forces of the Allies, he would leave his position in order to pray.

I name these three men because the whole world knows them, and knows that they were too sane and true to use one hour of valued time doing that which they believed to be useless.

Third, I believe in prayer because Jesus Christ believed in prayer. His habits of prayer were so well known and so manifestly efficacious that on one occasion when he ceased from His devotions, His disciples crept close to Him and whispered, "Lord, teach us to pray." Jesus did not argue about prayer. He prayed, and the benefits of such action were so manifest that His disciples wanted to learn how to pray. I feel that I am in the best of company when I am striving to do as Jesus did.

Teach me, dear heavenly Father, to pray always with a believing heart, trusting only in Thy love. Amen.



Allen S. Halberg

Religious Freedom

Do I have religious freedom? With a start I ask myself this question. How much am I inhibited by the restrictions of my religion? How much am I prejudiced by my religious environment?

I regard these questions, first, in the large circle of my world. The country of which I am a citizen is democratic. Its constitution states that various freedoms, among them religious freedom, are the inherent rights of every citizen. Religious freedom in America dates back to its founding. History tells us the Puritans who left England did so for the purpose of obtaining freedom from the Church of England. Nevertheless the Puritans who rushed pell-mell from the form and ceremonies of the Church enforced so-called "blue" laws in a manner to interfere with the ordinary life of the new community. In trying to regulate the private morals of the members of the community they practiced inexcusable religious bigotry.

That background of religious intolerance has not been removed through the period of years since the democratic founding of America. My growth and development has not left me isolated from this detriment. Nor has my environment permitted me to be completely free from prejudice. As a college student, I find myself, for the first time, thinking about the question of religious freedom in the smaller circle of every day experience and in the light of

how the question affects me.

The social system of my college is necessarily prejudiced. Since it is founded upon a specific religion, that religion is pre-eminent and this fact is impressed upon all students. I do not dispute this fact. Yet I feel that each student, as an individual, has no right to be intolerant of his fellow student in religion or other aspects.

I do not mean that rules should be ignored for it is necessary for all peoples to have laws to obey for the common good. The primary principles of a religion must be observed by its members. Likewise, convictions given by God should be faithfully obeyed by the receiver. But the emphasis, in the relationship of one individual to another in our compact society, must not be on the exchange of these convictions but on the necessity of living in a sensitive communion with God. The fruits of such a communion would be projected by the consecrated life. Standards, thus arrived at, would not be difficult to uphold.

A true Christian spirit in practicing religious freedom would help to eliminate intolerance in the group where it should least be. The Christian religion frees the heart from the prison of sin. But God frees the soul from greater servitude. Following in the steps of a Christ who washed the feet of His disciples demands an equal service of love. In such a service dogmatism is dispised. Love for "thy neighbor as thyself" will insure religous freedom.



John G. ...

And the child grew in...



FAVOUR
WITH MAN

An E.N.C. Boy-chaser

As I was sitting at my usual place in the library Tuesday evening, contemplating the topic of my Wednesday's theme for Rhetoric, I thought of describing the typical "boy-chaser" of E. N. C. As a side light I decided to take a poll of the students around me to learn their opinions of girls who chase boys. Their reactions were diversified and interesting.

One girl said the E. N. C. boys think that girls are chasing them, even though the girls have never thought of such things. A boy said that although girls should never chase boys, the girls may drop subtle hints. Another boy was more vehement in his attitude toward my question. He said that besides being poor tact it showed that a boy who allows it is a jellyfish, and the girl who does it is really "hard-up." The second girl summed up the attitude of E. N. C. girls in this statement, "a girl should chase a boy until he catches her."

Even though it is interesting to take a poll and learn different people's reactions, I must continue to the body of my theme. Just how does a typical "boy-chaser" maneuver? Well, first, she looks the boys over thoroughly in the library, dining hall, classes, or Dugout. She finally finds the man of her dreams. He is a very interesting looking chap. Maybe he has dark brown hair, always combed perfectly. He never participates

in sports because he might soil his beautifully tailored suits. Of course, our sheik has some good qualities also. He may be a wonderful public speaker and have a good tenor voice.

But let us see how our girl friend chases the man of her dreams. First, she makes sure that she sits where she can see him in the library, if not at the next table. Or maybe she accidentally sits next to him at dinner. After this type of situation has continued for a few days, she decides that she has been subtle long enough. Then she determines that she will talk with the man of her dreams in the Dugout. When 9:15 comes she leaves the library, and goes to her room to comb her hair especially neatly. Then she dashes to the Recreation Room to be sure that she gets a table to play ping-pong. When her "dream man," the essence of innocence, walks into the room, she meanders over to him and asks him to play ping-pong. Because they play until 10:29, it naturally follows that he must walk her to Munro Hall. On the walk she casually hints about the excellent program that the Student Council is giving Friday evening. But to her dismay, he doesn't ask her.

To show that chasing boys does not pay, when our girl friend goes to the program alone Friday evening, she sees her "dream man" with one of her friends.

Ruth Ann Loomis



What Is a Neighborhood?

Living parents, children and home make a neighborhood, but with these three one must include love, youthful gaiety and happiness. For what are parents without love, children without gaiety, and homes without happiness but empty cups of life waiting to be filled with living? All these are components of that friendly, always remembered place called a neighborhood. To walk down the streets of one's neighborhood with a friend, to be greeted with an impish grin and a "hi" by seemingly countless youngsters, to stroll late at night during a snowfall and watch the lights and interiors of homes where friends live are only portions of the pleasures that living in a neighborhood brings. A neighborhood is also a place where joy and sorrow, delight and despair, love and hate are sensations experienced daily by its members. Thus, a neighborhood becomes the site of many things, but, chief of all, in one's own neighborhood one finds one's own beloved home!

Virginia Arnold



My Hometown



hat is my hometown? It's an old rattling elevator train noisily making its way up and down the length of Manhattan Island. It's the "Bowery", gathering place for the rum-bums of the universe. It's the inclining streets on the rolling hills of the Bronx. It's the yell, "Play Ball!", which permeates Brooklyn. It's the Hudson and East Rivers where ocean-liners, tramp-steamers, tugboats and barges make their never-ending circuit of the harbor. It's the tall skyscrapers reaching toward heaven and the huge open expanse in the heart of the city covering some twenty square miles. It's the greatest city in the world, awing its inhabitants with its magnitude.

And then again it's the people who live there. It's the Italian grocery-man, a citizen for over thirty years, who can't tell anyone in adequate English what he has in stock. It's the two hundred forty-two people who live in the same block with you whom you've never actually got to know. It's the lost feeling in the pit of your stomach when you realize you don't know one-tenth of the people who are riding with you in the subway. All in all my hometown is the place which continually plays with the heart-strings of the city-dweller in a never-ending succession of attractions and repulsions.



Al Hesemeyer

What is Home?



What is a place to call your own? What is love of home? It is the green meadow with the small stream flowing lazily through the center. It is the barn with the horses that neigh the moment they see you open the barn doors. It is the chickens that cluck when you feed them. It is old Shep who sits up attentively and lovingly wags his tail the very moment he sees you. It is the couch that you stretch out on after supper. It is the family dinner with mother, dad, and little Jimmy sitting in their regular seats. It is the family altar where you really feel the presence of God.

Home is small things remembered, the little things around the house, the animals you love dearly. It is the tractor you use every day, the salted meat hanging in the corner of the celler, and the homemade cake. Put all these together and they spell one word -- home.



Those Busy Days

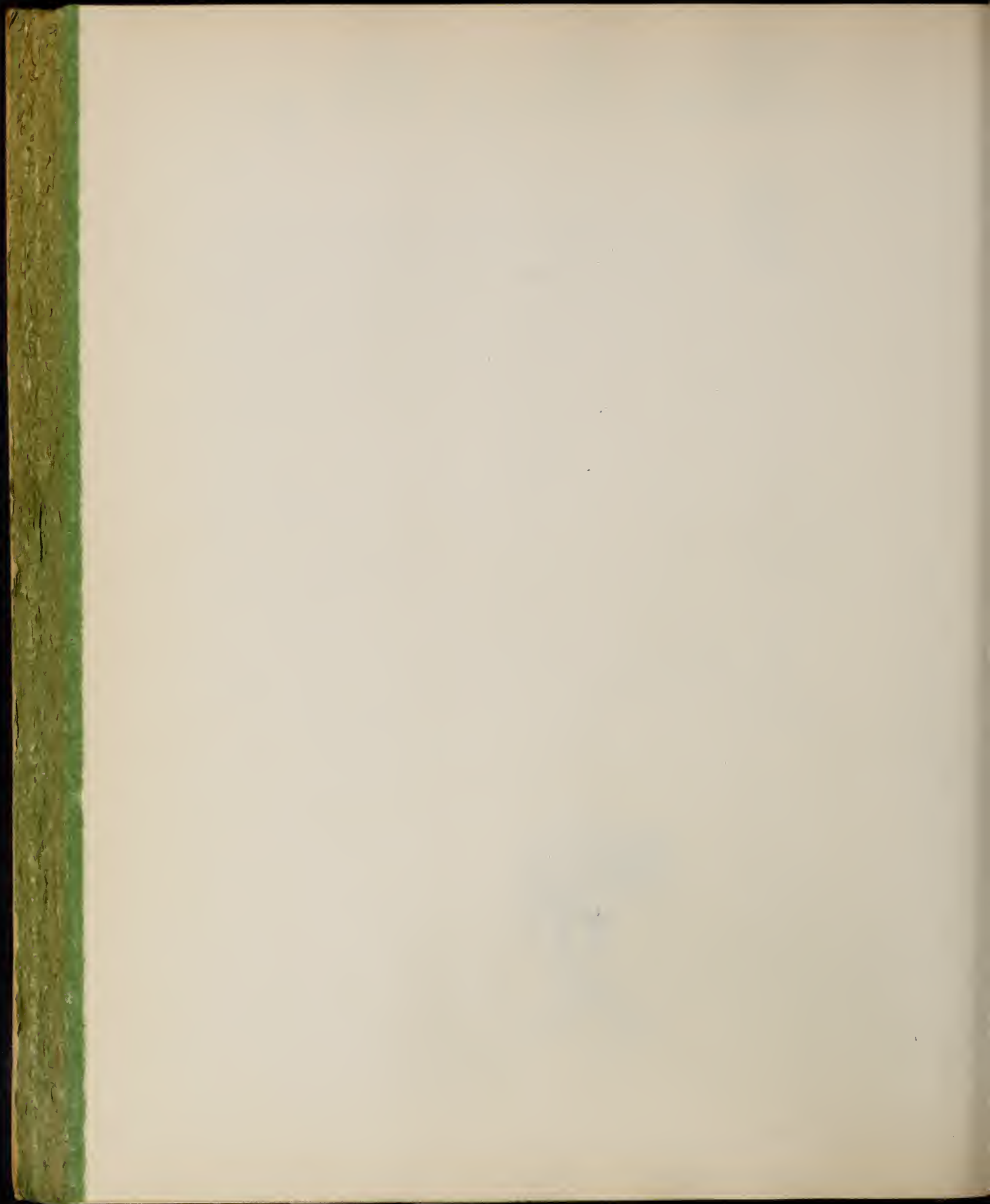
During my junior year in high school I procured a job in the millinery department of a large chain store in order to earn extra spending money. I enjoyed the work of plunking ridiculous-looking chapeaus on ladies' heads, but the shop was never very busy. Whenever a customer happened to come in, all the nine clerks jumped upon her at once, showering her with flowery phrases. That is, all except me. Not being forward myself, I rarely made a sale.

One day, I planted myself at the very entrance of the department, hoping to be the first to make a sale, if any were made at all. Soon, an unfamiliar lady approached the place. It rather startled me to think we might actually have a potential customer. Jumping up quickly, I chirped, "May I help you, or interest you in a hat, Madam?"

Smiling slightly, she said, "I'm Miss Simons, the buyer for this department."

Bonnie - Kear Gilmore





My Roommates

T

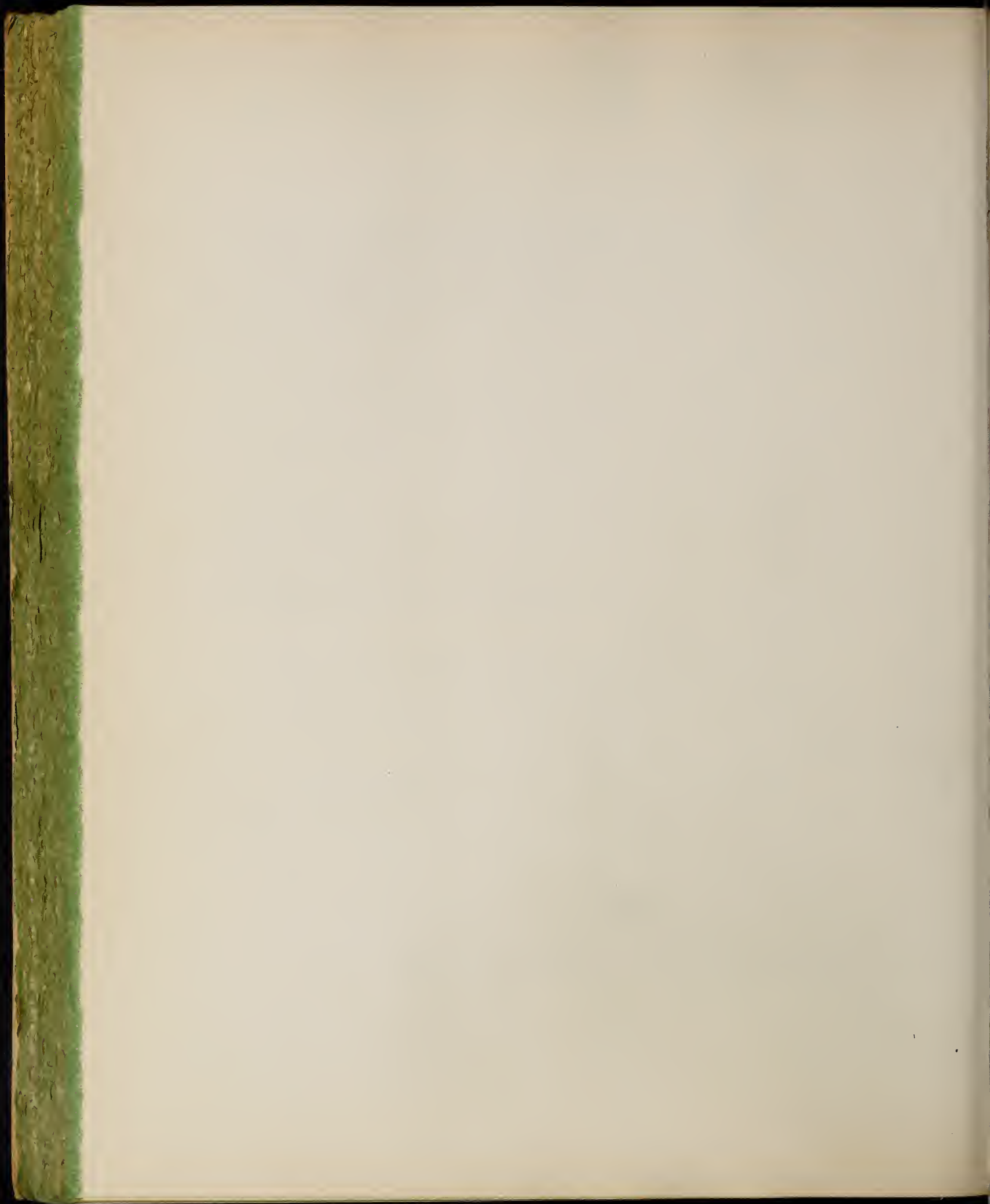
he number of my roommates varies from time to time. One of them has two legs and the others have four. The skin of one is white. The skin of the others varies from dark grey to almost black.

Last semester I had only one roommate and we got along without any serious conflict. Naturally, we had our minor skirmishes, but we got along very well for two people who had not known each other before we came here.

When I returned for this second semester things were changed. The first few days everything was as usual. Then early one Sunday morning we learned we had been invaded without having had any time to prepare our defenses.

We had been in bed ten or fifteen minutes and were almost asleep when all of a sudden we heard a loud noise across the room. Then everything was quiet for a minute or so.

After this short period of silence my roommate asked me, "C-----e, is that mice?" Very bravely I replied, "Yes, put the light on." We saw two mice chasing each other around our waste-baskets. Finally one chased the other into my roommates closet and out of our sight and sound for the rest of the night. They could have picked a more reasonable time to play around.



After all was quiet on the eastern front I asked my roommate if she had had any trouble like that while I was away. She said, "No, they must be new semester students." I suggested that we should see if we couldn't get our rent reduced. After all, why should we pay rent for two others?

A few days later, out of the corner of my eye I saw something in our window. Walking to the window to see what the "something" was, I discovered a squirrel sitting up on his hind legs and looking around for something to eat. I finally chased him, old meanie that I am, although he was a determined little creature.

My roommate and I have been very inhospitable and hostile to our new roommates. We have caught three mice in our mousetraps, and every time we hear of the threat of a squirrel invasion we close our windows. We have prepared our defenses in spite of the fact that if we could prove we had more roommates we might be able to reduce our room rent. Maybe we're particular, but we prefer to keep our room to ourselves and let in only the visitors that come into our room through the proper door.



Catherine Gayford

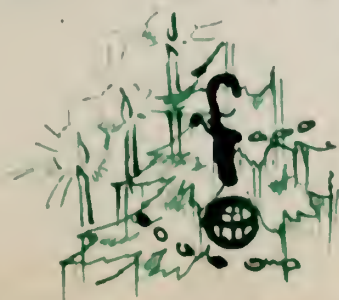
What is Christmas?



What is Christmas? What is the spirit for which it stands? Maybe it's a thousand little things that make Christmas Christmas. It is carefully planned shopping lists, and hurriedly addressed greeting cards. It is stacks of red and silver boxes on the shelves in Woolworth's, and window displays crowded, cluttered, and dazzling with tinsel. It is pushing, hurrying crowds and gay, jingling Christmas music heard all along the streets downtown. It is tired people, burdened with grotesquely-shaped bundles, crowding the busses and subways, and thoughtful people traveling back home for the holidays. It is bright colored lights from many windows reflected on the snow. It is the eager greetings of friends and relatives long-separated, and the joy and relief of being home again. It is the smell of evergreen in the parlor, and Christmas foods in the kitchen. It is the cozy, hurried, whispered rustle of gift wrapping after the children have hung their stockings and been tucked in bed.

It is small things remembered, the jingle of sleigh bells, the sound of laughter, and the sparkle of the moon on snow-covered evergreens. We love Christmas because there is the ringing of chimes, the sound of an organ, the singing of carols. It is the joy of giving, and the bright, shining eyes of a child filled with wonder and delight. It is a kindredship and sharing with all the world; it is the spirit and expression of the love of the peace-loving Christ Child.

Carol Oulton




FROM



THEIR

LANDS

My Country, Japan

apan is a green and beautiful island: the country of graceful Fujiyama which often fascinates the artist, the country of Sakura, the colorful kimono, and the country of a lofty castle that retains the trace of feudalistic age.

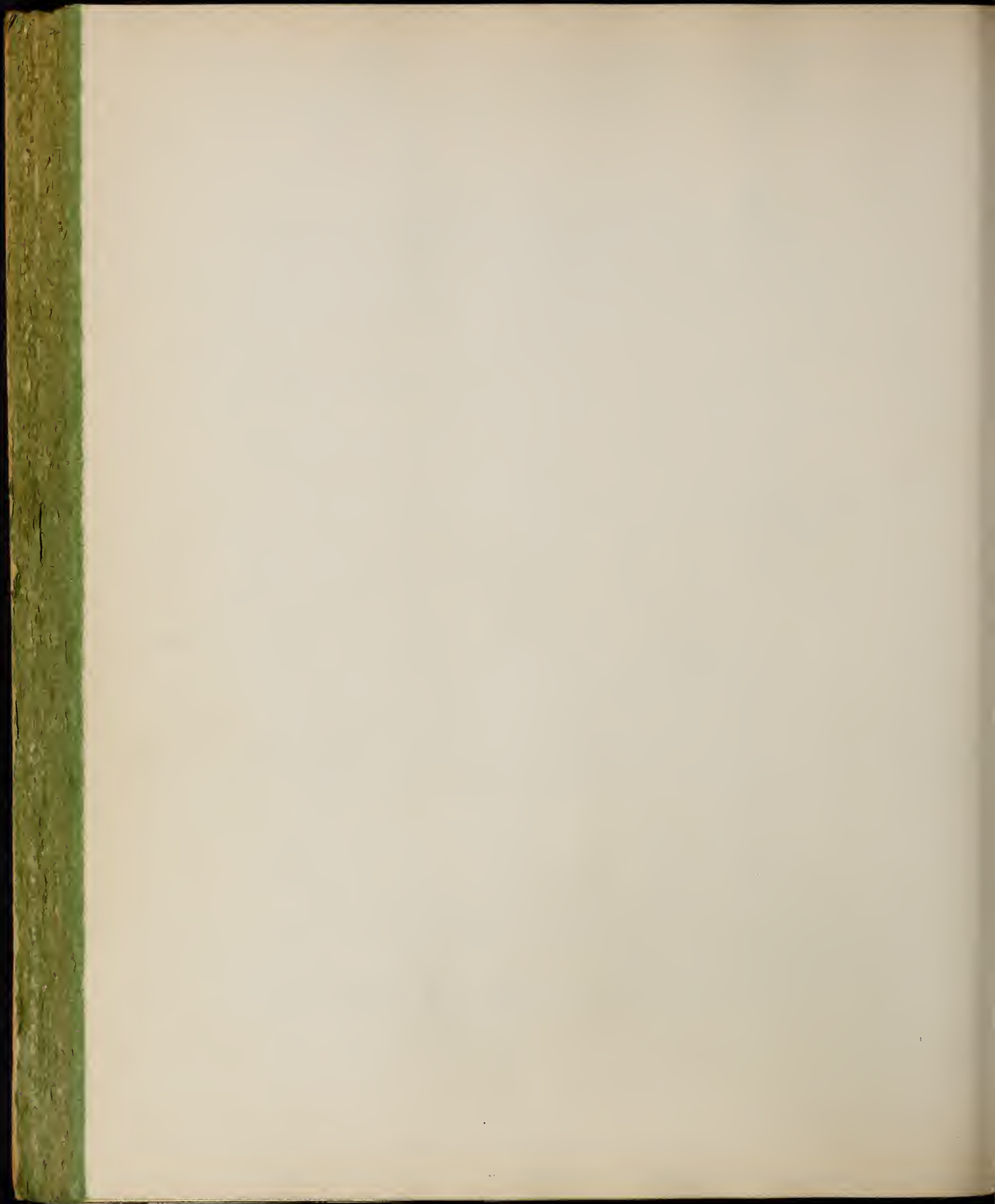
All these pictures contribute to the full variety of the four seasons -- Spring, Summer, Autumn, and Winter.

Spring starts with the lovely plum blossom and peach blossom in early March, when the traditional Peach Festival, or the Festival of Dolls is celebrated among the young girls.

The festival is followed by charming Sakura which lasts only a few days. The gallantry is often quoted as the spirit of chivalry and is sung in poetical terms of praise. The flower-buds begin to open, the creatures wake up from the long sleep of gloomy cold winter and the brook in the meadow flows slowly singing a song. The mild sunshine blesses trees, flowers, grasses, and everything on the earth that is covered with a thick green blanket and is ready for Summer.

Summer, the season of hot, sultry, wet, and drowsy months, starts in May and ends in August. The occasional thunderstorm wakes up the drowsiness and gives us refreshment, or breaks the dream of mid-Summer night.

As the cool and soft Autumn breezes begins to blow, the season



for reading in the moonlight begins. The people love to study and read till late in the night, listening to the chirp of insects in the grass.

The leaves of maple and gingko turn burning bright red and golden yellow that delight our eyes and give more effect to the variety of the scene. In the countryside golden ripened rice plants are waving as gently as the swells of the Spring sea.

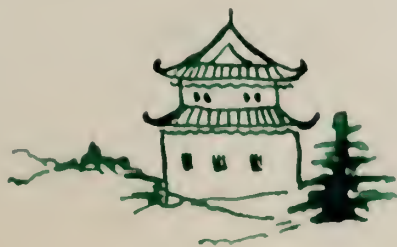
A weather-worn, odd-looking scarecrow is watching the enemy -- sparrows.

After the harvest season the cold blast blows through the country, and then white Winter comes in.

The farmers in the northern district are imprisoned in their houses. They gather around a foot-warmer and enjoy green tea as they gossip about their neighbours. This is the typical country life in the North where snow often piles up as high the roof's height.


Everything hibernates and waits until the severe cold winter is over.

Living now in a foreign country, I realize more vividly the beauty of our own country, that I had not been conscious of, when I was in Japan.



2 gojo Akasaka

My Ideas of Patriotism

hen I feel that Nigeria is being suppressed, when I realize most of the intrigues by means of which our mineral resources are shipped away to a foreign land, I seem always prepared to die for the sake of this dear land of my birth.

Patriotism is one of the deeply planted instincts in our hearts. Its realization is unconscious to a great majority of us till some sudden circumstance appeals to it strongly, and awakens it into conscious life and feeling.

The word is derived from the Latin word "patria" which means one's country. But we understand the full meaning on the surface when we say it is one's country. Patriotism is the love of one's country. This love carries with it any amount of sacrifice. It means that the patriot is prepared to sacrifice many things for the love of his country. This love is equally shown alike by both civilized and savage nations. He is a patriotic man who holds nothing so dear as to die when the interests of his mother land is at stake. It was this love that animated the Americans to defend their right in those days of foreign imperialism. It was this very patriotic motive that animated that Englishman's watch-word "I have done my duty, and England expects everybody to do his duty." These fiery and stirring words of Nelson still set a sort of precedent for an average English man.

This strong love of one's country could be manifested in many ways. It is not only shown by the desire to fight and die. No, one of the strongest and most instinctive of its manifestations

is the burning desire of the exile to go back to his country. A certain author said, "It is the feeling which draws the Swiss back to his native mountains, and brings the Italian emigrant back to his own land however far he roams." A good and beautiful expression of what patriotism is has been shown in the one hundred and twenty seventh Psalm, "We hanged our harps in the willows, and by the Highland lament of "Lochaber no more."

The patriotism of the soldier could be shown by his desire to defend his country at all costs. Alfred the Great, Napoleon, Wallace and Wellington are brilliant examples of this form of patriotism. The modern Nigerian Nationalist summed it up in the phrase "For Zik and countrymen." The statesman could show his patriotism by either living for his country or dying for it. This could be the patriotism of the citizen as well as the Reformer. Politicians work without selfish motives. They are neither paid or rewarded. More often than not, they are imprisoned, shot dead, exiled and at times publicly. Hitler was patriotic. Ghandi of India was an exceptional in patriotic incentives. A good patriot fights the foes that lurk within the borders of his country. These enemies might be in the forms of oppression, fraud, and wrong, and these are far more deadly then foes without. A citizen might show his patriotism by carrying out his daily duties couscientiously. He could show it by faithfulness and willingness to work without cheating. He is and should always be antagonistic to black market-ing and other things hurtful to his nation and country. For the


love of country, some nations raise their tariff duties which automatically cut other countries off from infringing on the commerce. Patriotism could be shown in many other ways. To support home industries is a useful form of patriotism.

But there is one vital thing to remember. It is very essential that we should not underrate other nations and hold that anything done by our country is right. We should not be self-assertive by boasting. We should respect the feeling of other countries. These are dangerous ideas liable to lead a country into fatal destruction. Rather than misrepresent other nations and think our own country supreme, let us view and have patriotism in the way of Cooper, who wrote: "England! with all thy faults I love thee still."

Raymond R. Bechdele



Home Life in Japan

ne of the first lessons I was taught by my fastidious mother was to say "good morning" and "good night" to my parents, and how to salute our guests. I had to bow on these occasions. There are three or four kinds of bows according to the degree of respect to be expressed. I had to learn to use each of them properly.

My mother was particular about my manners, especially at the dining table. I was expected to kneel straight while we were eating, for the low table was on the floor, and if I tried to run away from the table, leaving a few grains of rice scattered around, my mother used to say, "Rice is the result of one year's hard work of a farmer with sweat on his brow. Don't be careless of other people's labor."

At that time, about 1935-1940, rice was available in Japan. But this is a common feeling among Japanese people toward rice; a feeling which originates from the fact that the lots of many farmers depends upon the harvest of rice. The ordinary Japanese, like me, who has no farmer's blood in him at all, cannot step on rice scattered on the ground without the feeling of guilt.

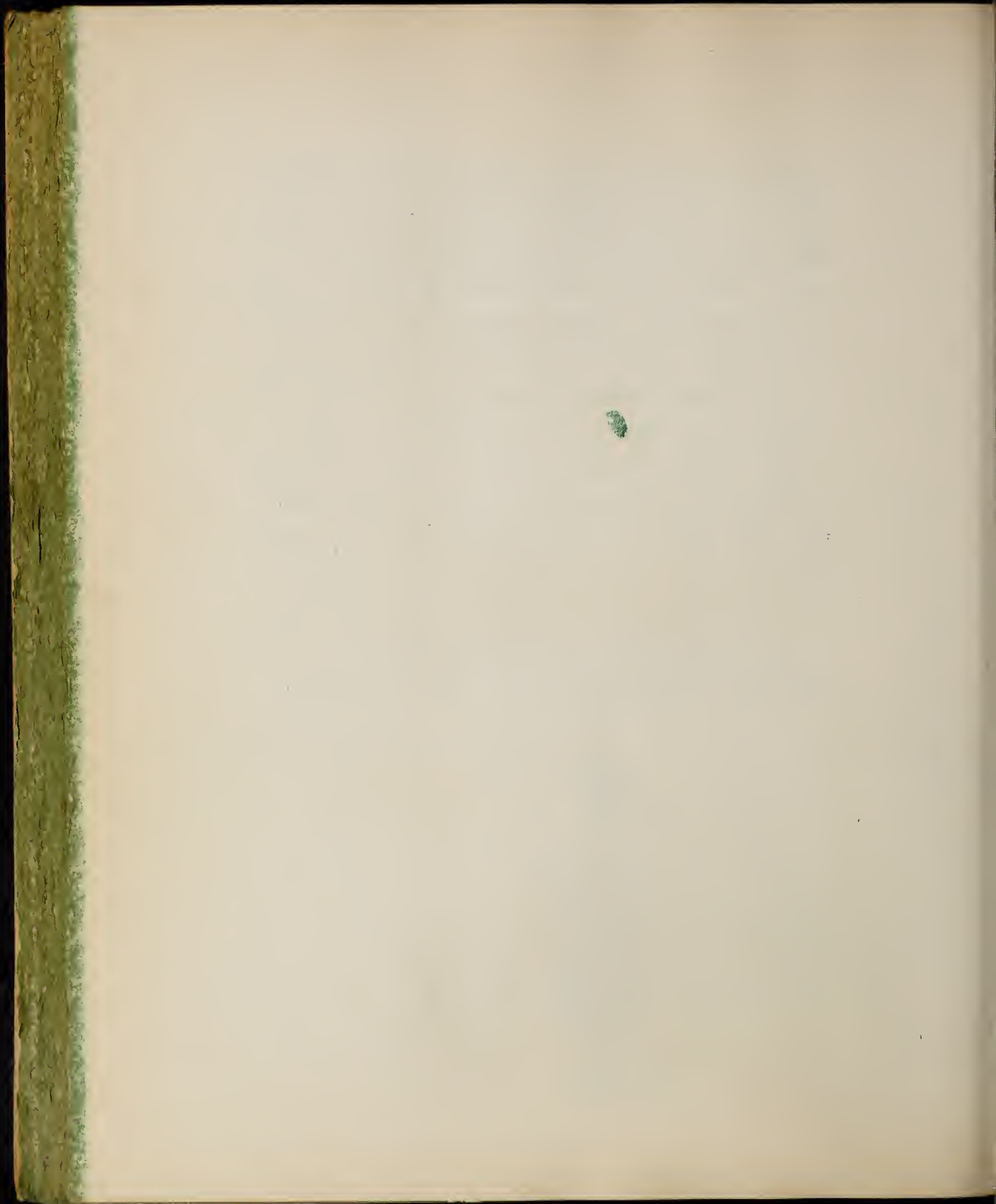
My father and mother insisted that the supper should be accompanied by chatter; my father from the view point of the good digestion of food, my mother with her curiosity about knowing what was going on during the day in the world outside her activities, that is, my father's business, and her children's schooling.

I made my debut into the classroom of a primary school when I was seven years old. My mother was particular about making sure that

I got through all the review and homework every day. School was closed for vacations sometime before Christmas. Nowadays, many people celebrate Christmas with sparkling decorations as in America. But when I was a child my father and mother did not buy us Christmas presents. Instead they bought for us a beautiful little Christmas tree, and with this we were happy. New Year's Day is more important for us in Japan. It is the most important celebration in the year. For three days we place a lacquered or silver tray upon a stand on a porch, and neighbors and friends come to put their calling cards with a note, "Happy New Year!" Many acquaintances come to leave cards and visit with us and you can imagine how many cards accumulate on the tray. We examine each of them later, and if a card is found from anyone for whom we did not leave our card, as happens quite often we have to rush there before the third day closes or he takes away his tray!

Susan H. Sasao



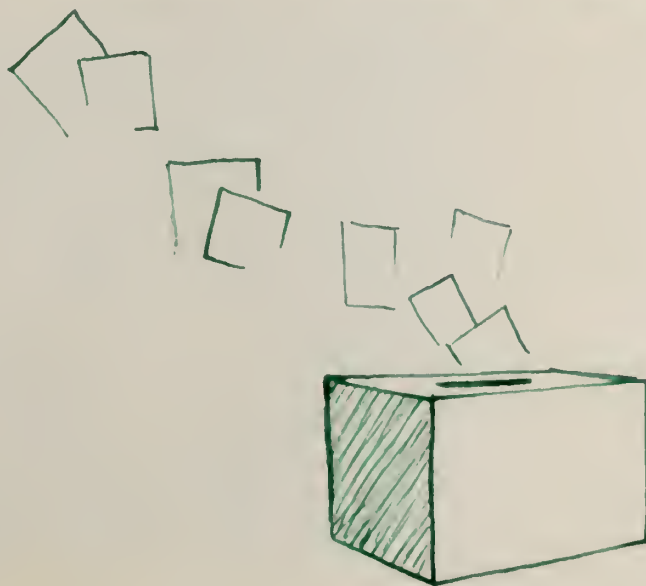




FRESHMAN



POLL



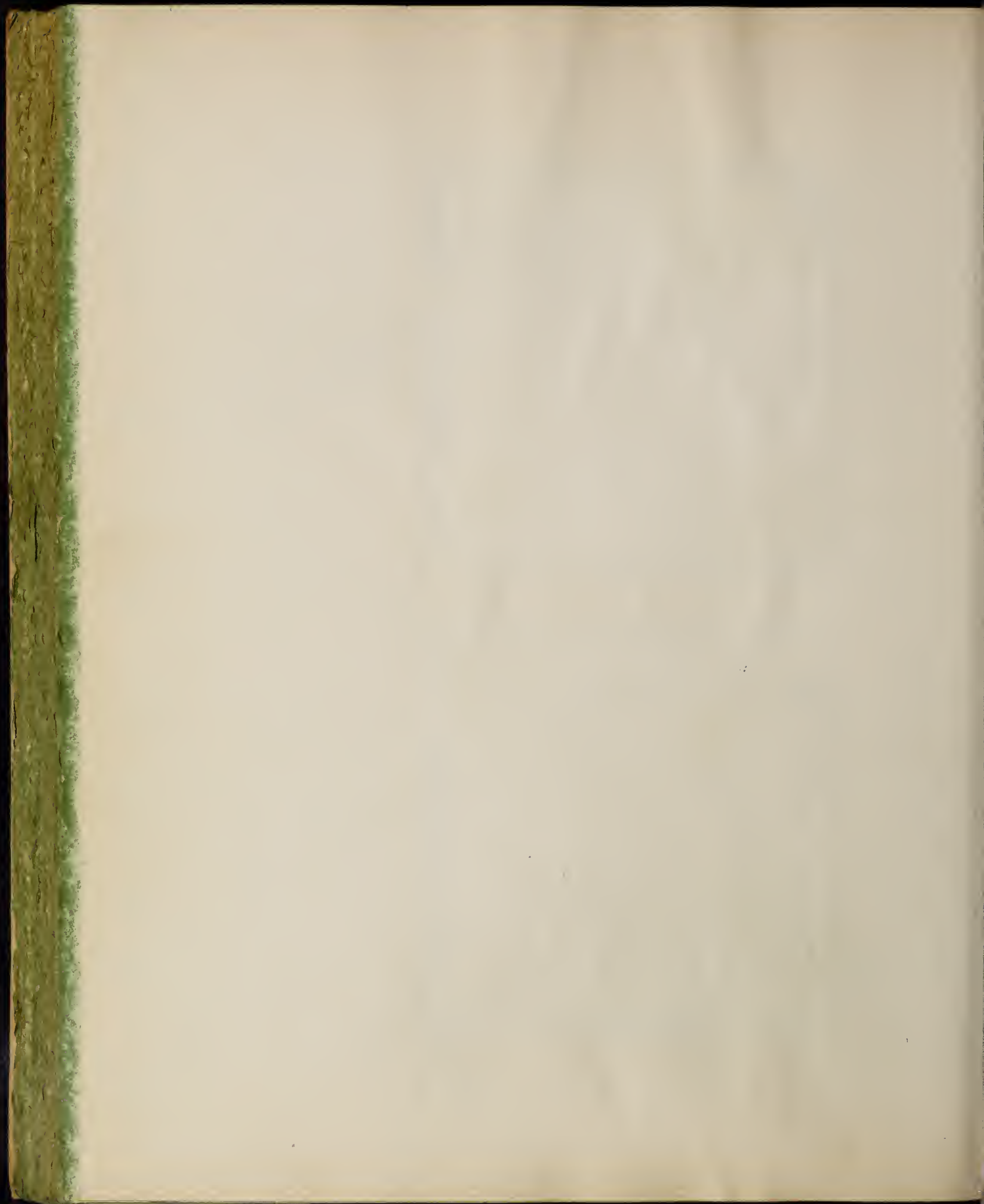


Peggy
Albright



Alfred
Hessemeyer

BEST ALL-ROUND



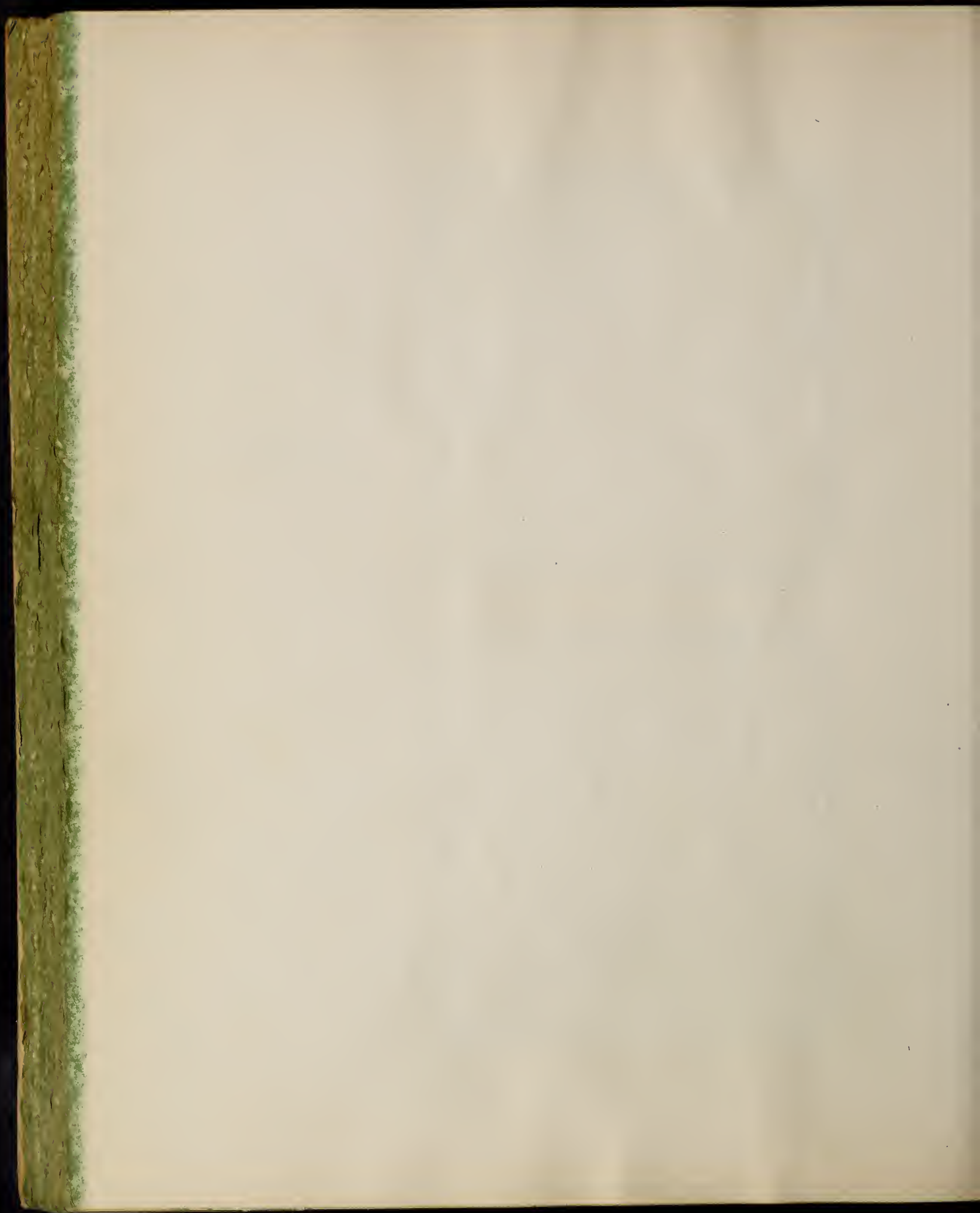
MOST STUDIOUS



Ruth
Loomis



ROGER
Young



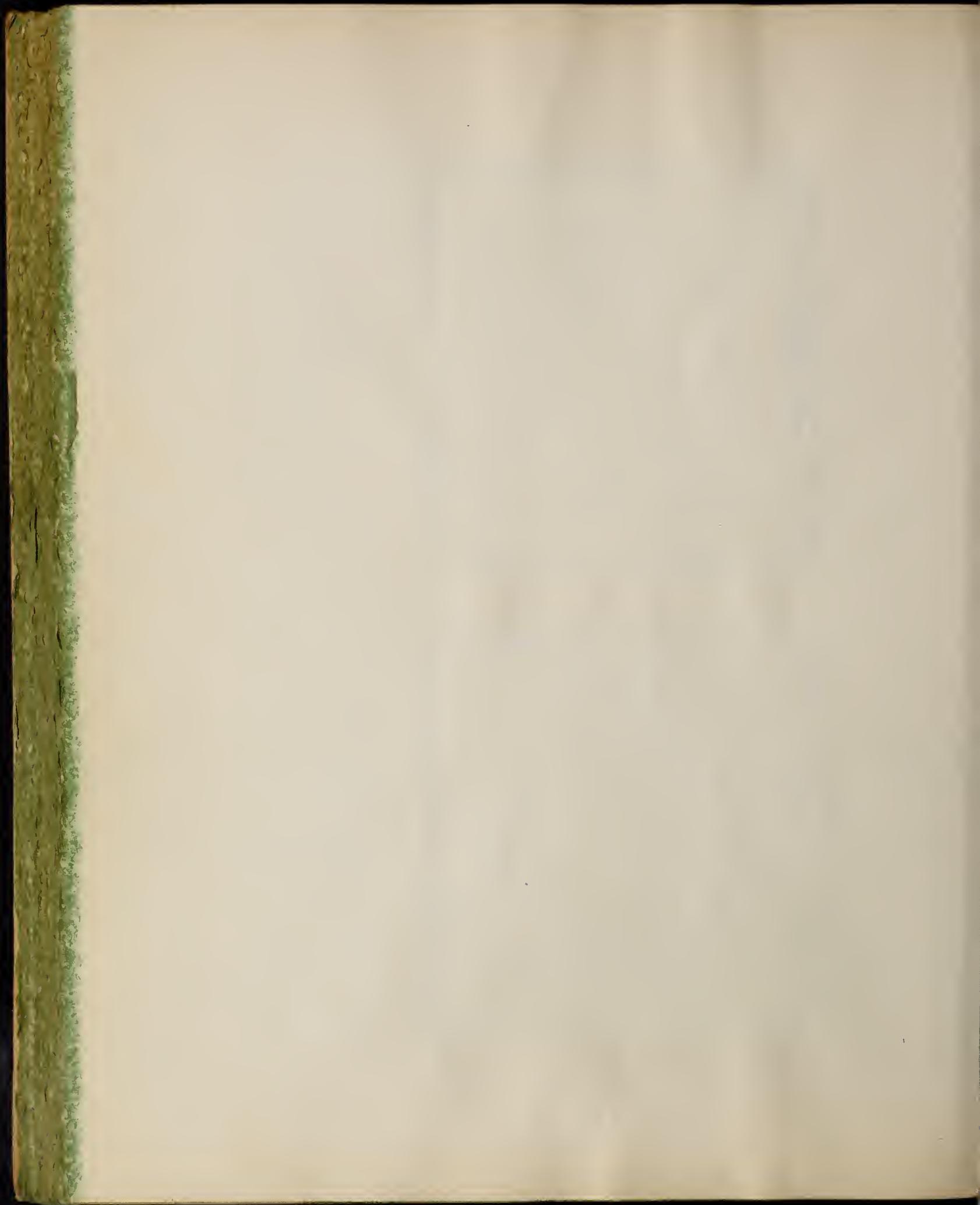
MOST ATHLETIC



Mable
BROWN



Bob
WALTERS



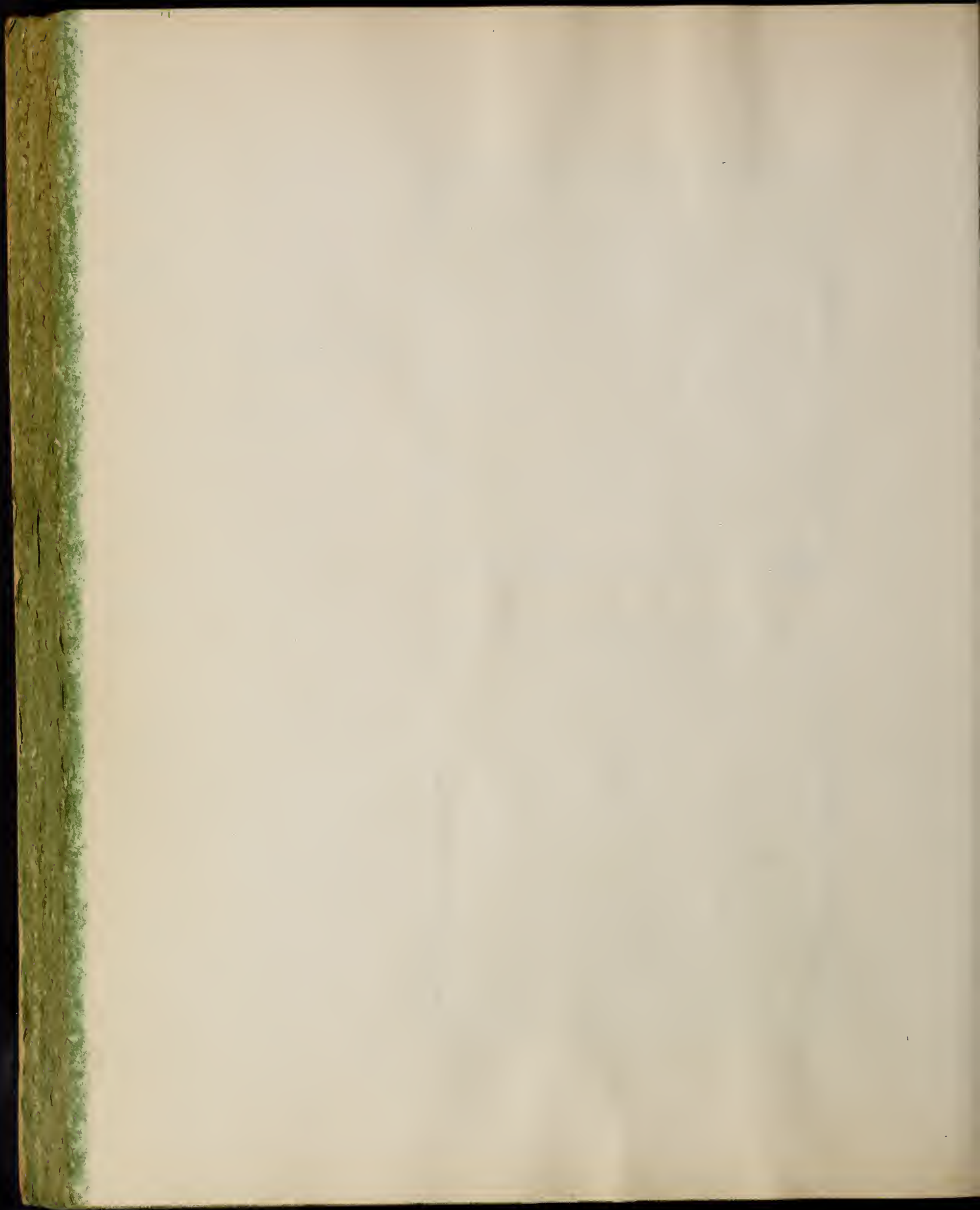


Elizabeth
Jackson



David
Daniels

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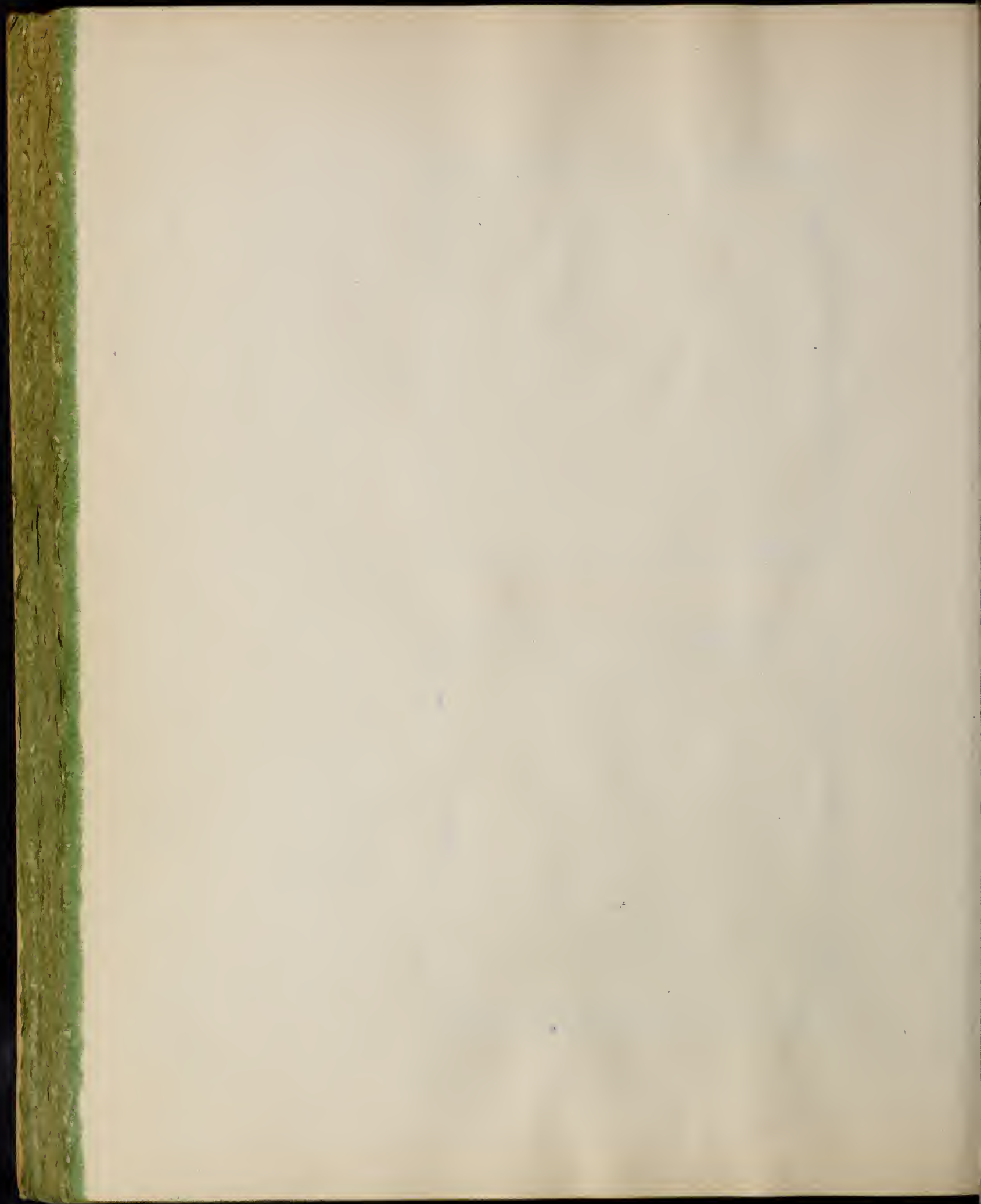
GLORIA
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TONY
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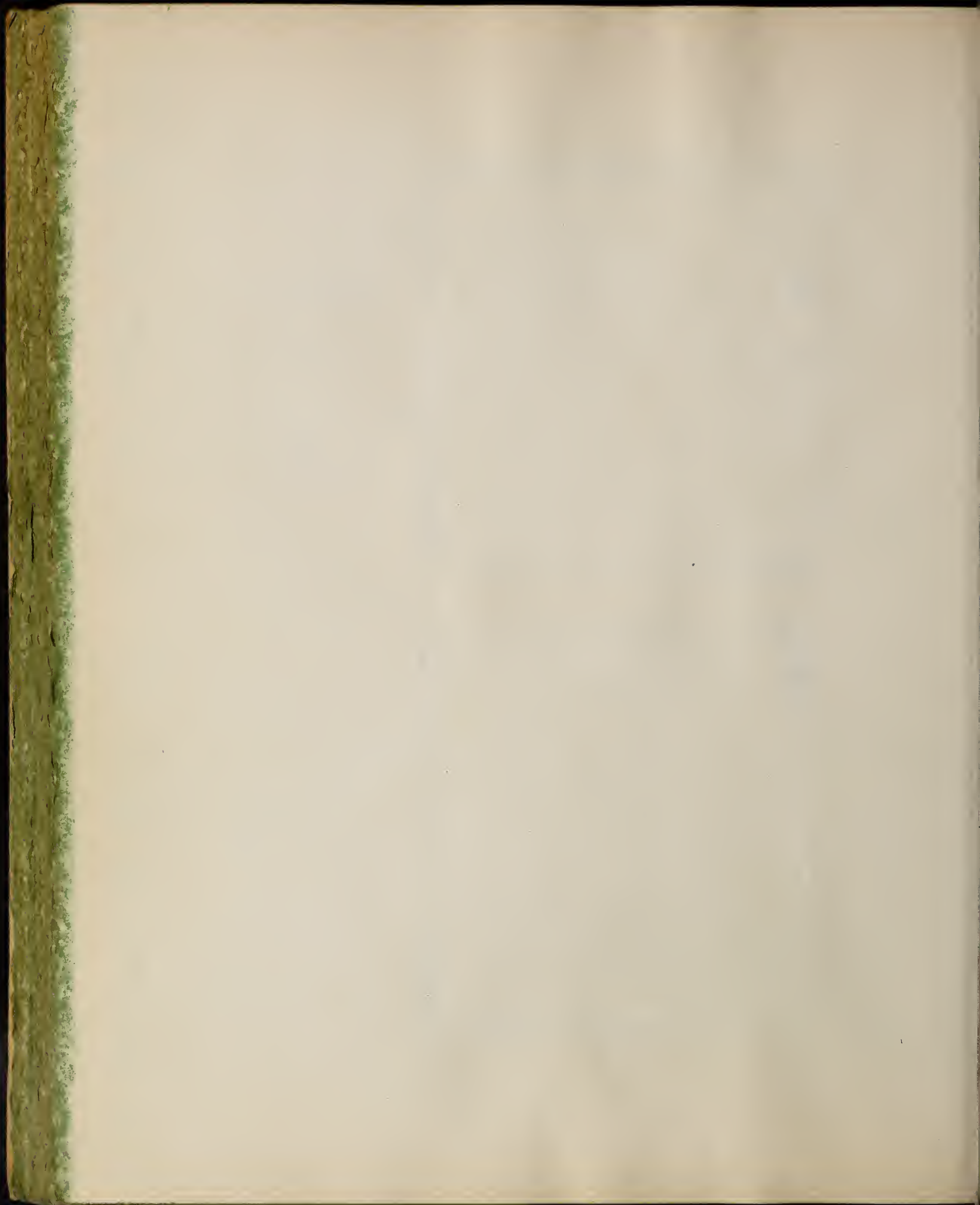
HARDEST WORKERS



PAT
PERHAM
and
MARILYN
HOFF



WAYNE
HYSONG





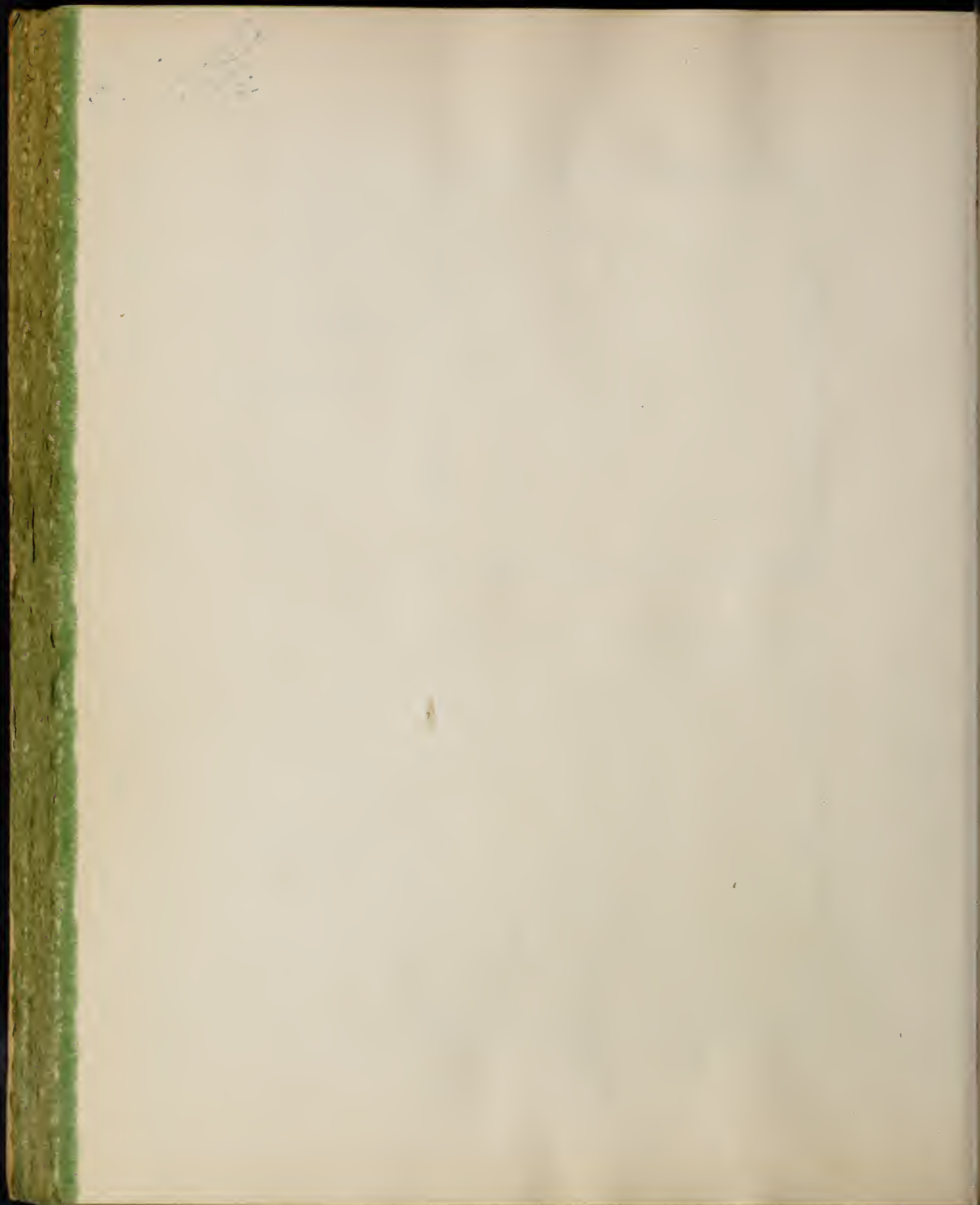
JEANNE
MacNeill



KARL
Knudsen

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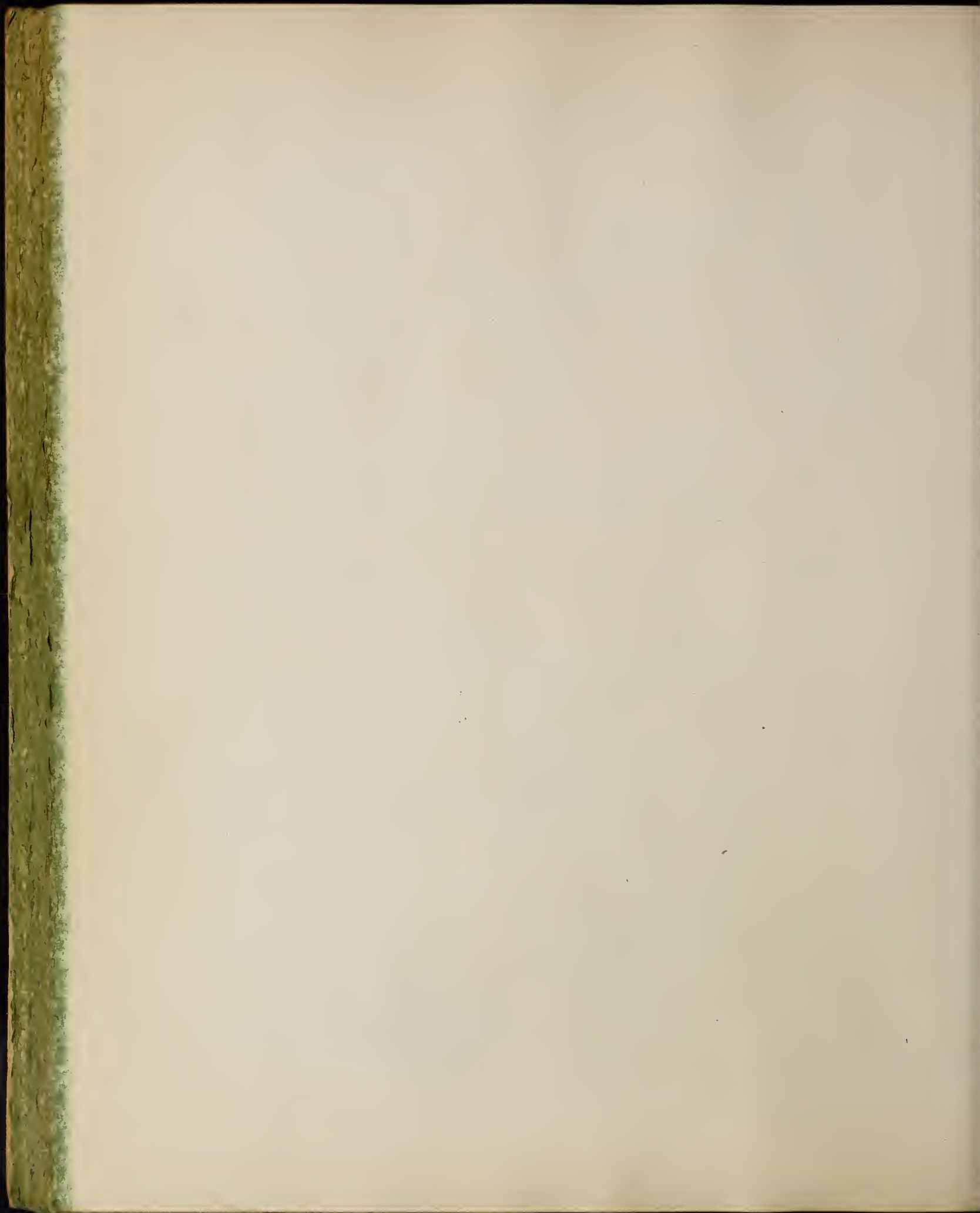


Our

FAMILY

ALBUM



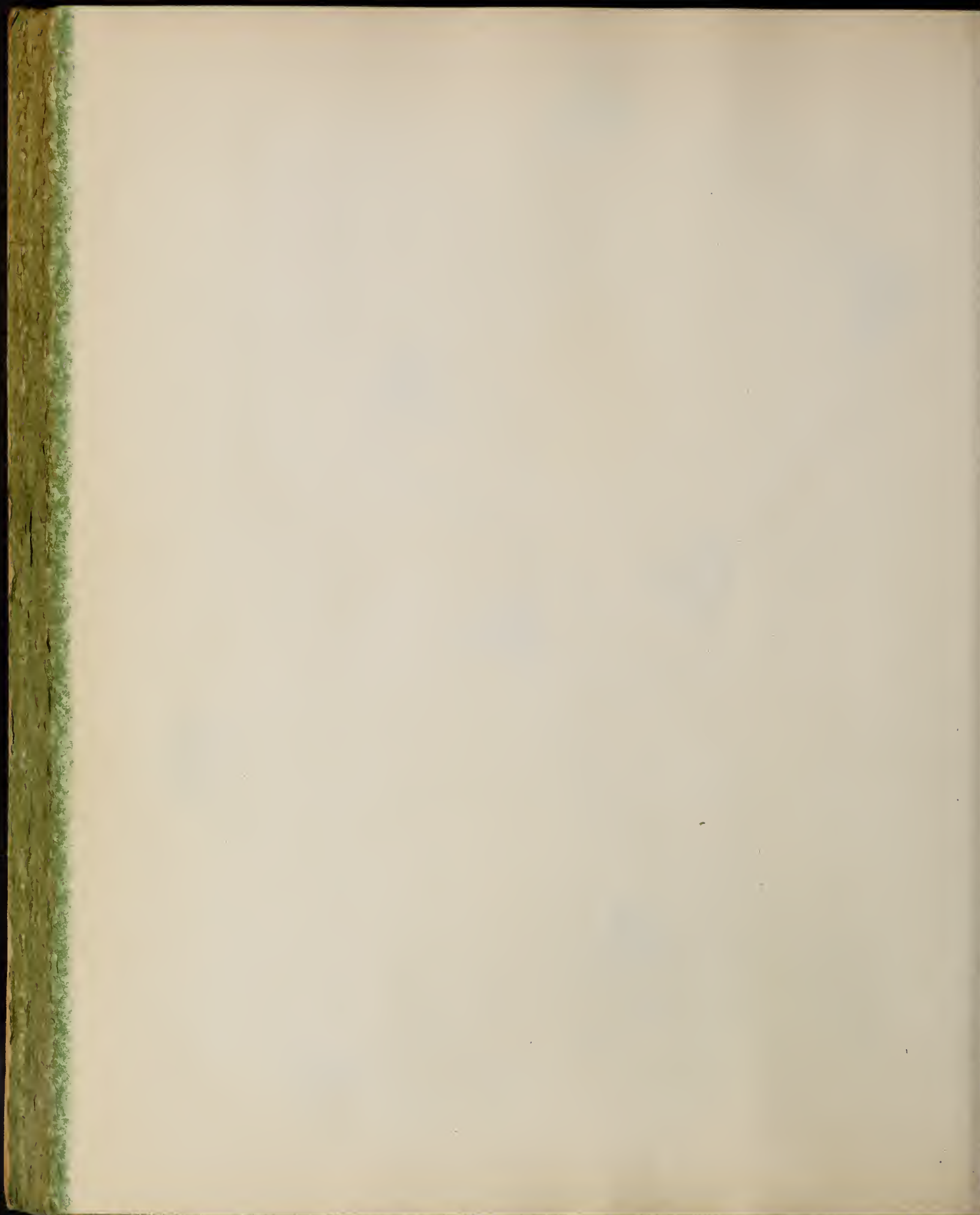




...."but comfortable!"



"Button up your overcoat!"

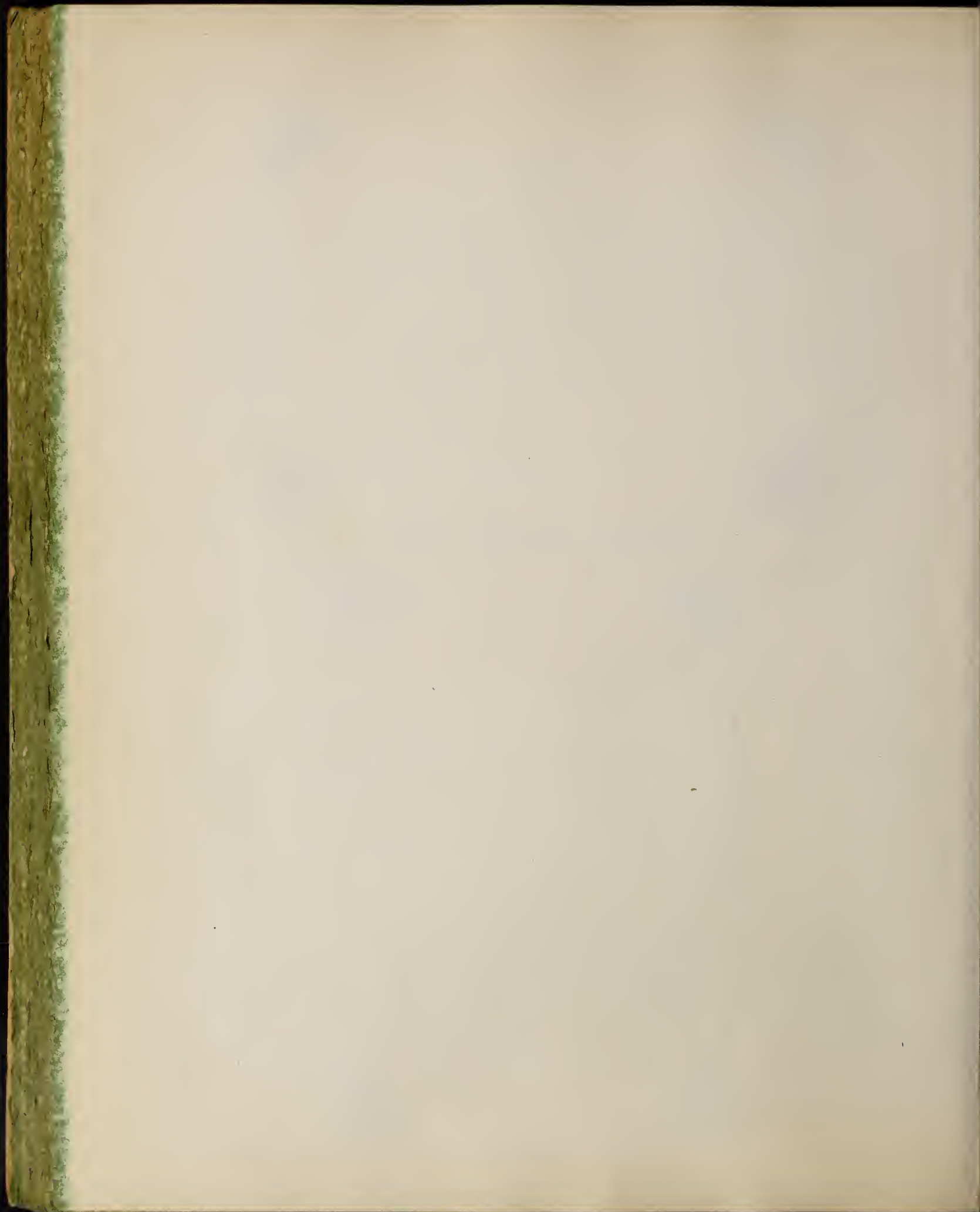




Winter Wonder Land



Blue Monday

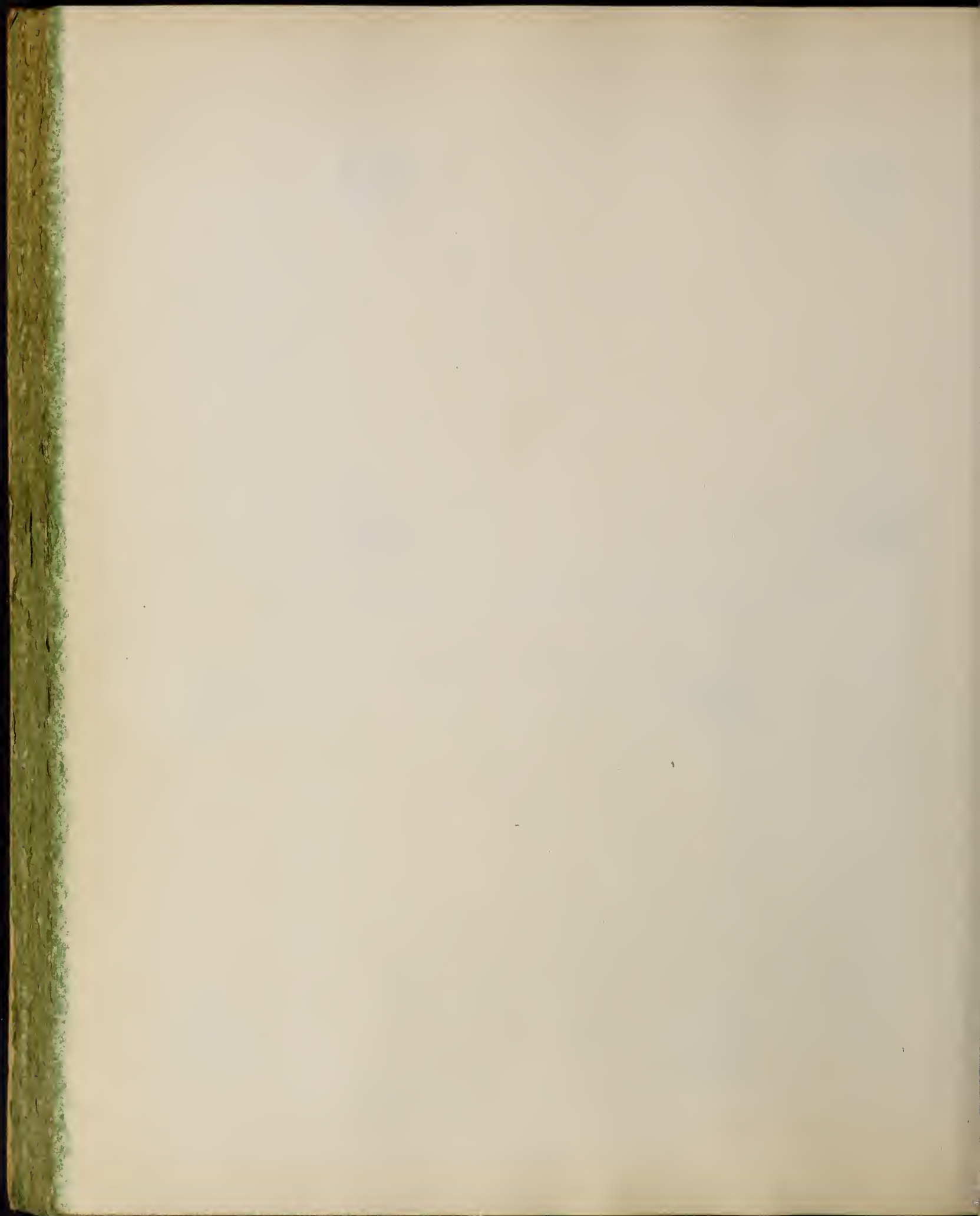




The Little Red School House



Campus Center of Attraction

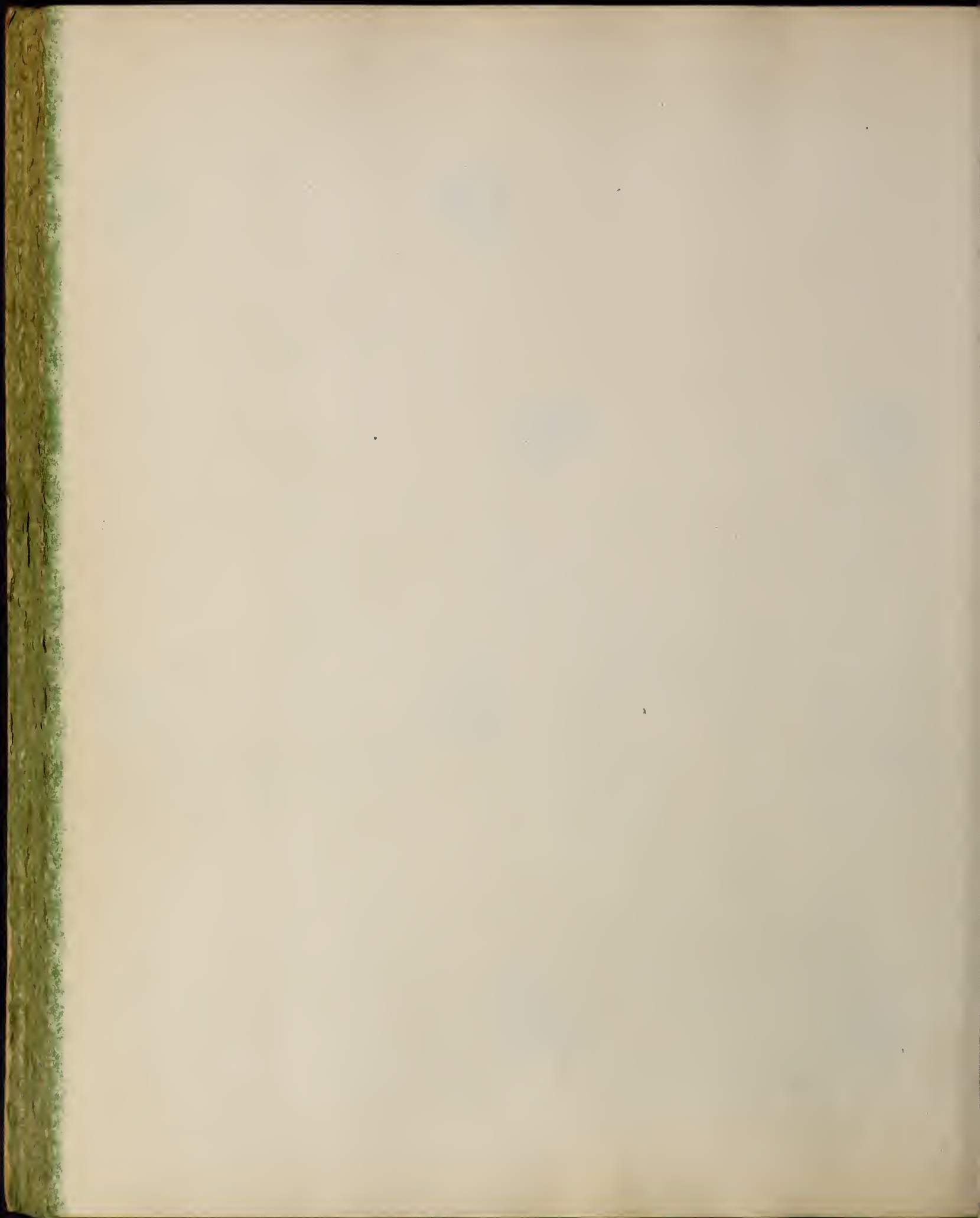




Initiation trio

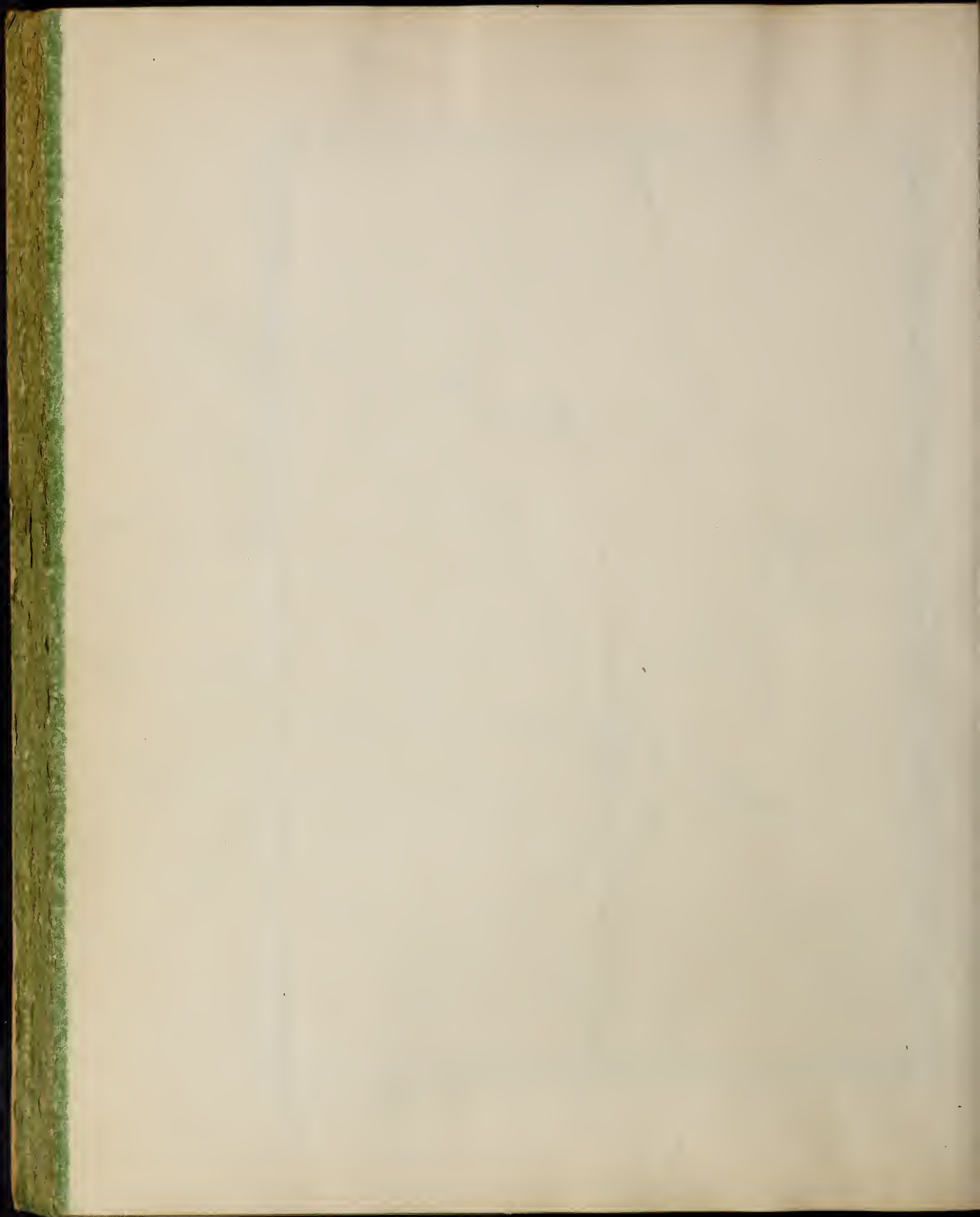


Pickin' sea shells





1. GREENIE BEANIE
2. Big bad wolf
3. Forty winks
between words.
4. "That's for you!"
5. "You don't say!"
6. Winter stroll
7. FRESHMAN
adviser
8. Our Alma Mater
9. "What's the
matter, Shirley?"
10. Our favorite
DEAN
11. GREENBOOK
money grabber
12. "Huh?"
13. "You may not
have seconds!"
14. That wicked
glint
15. "Late again!"

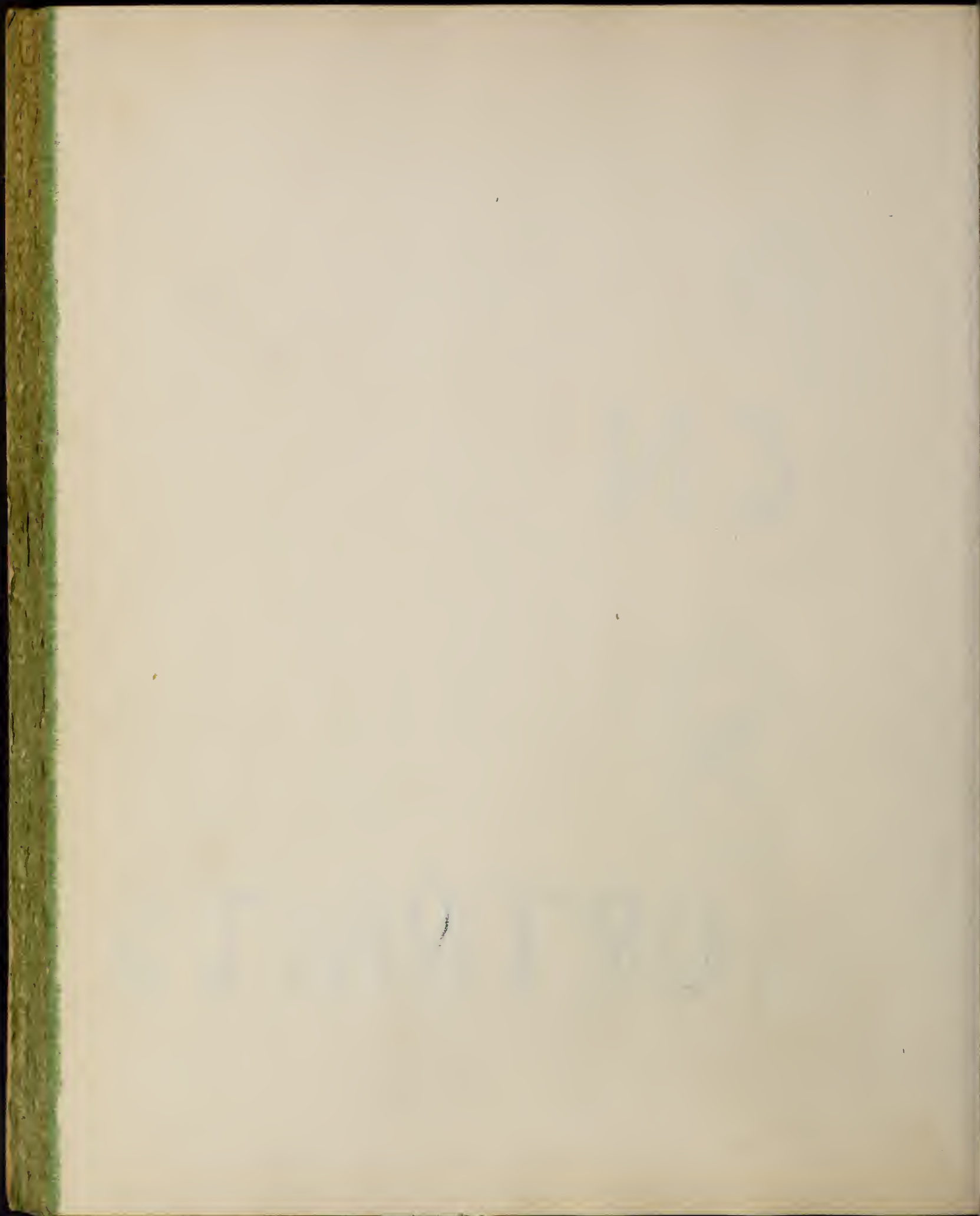




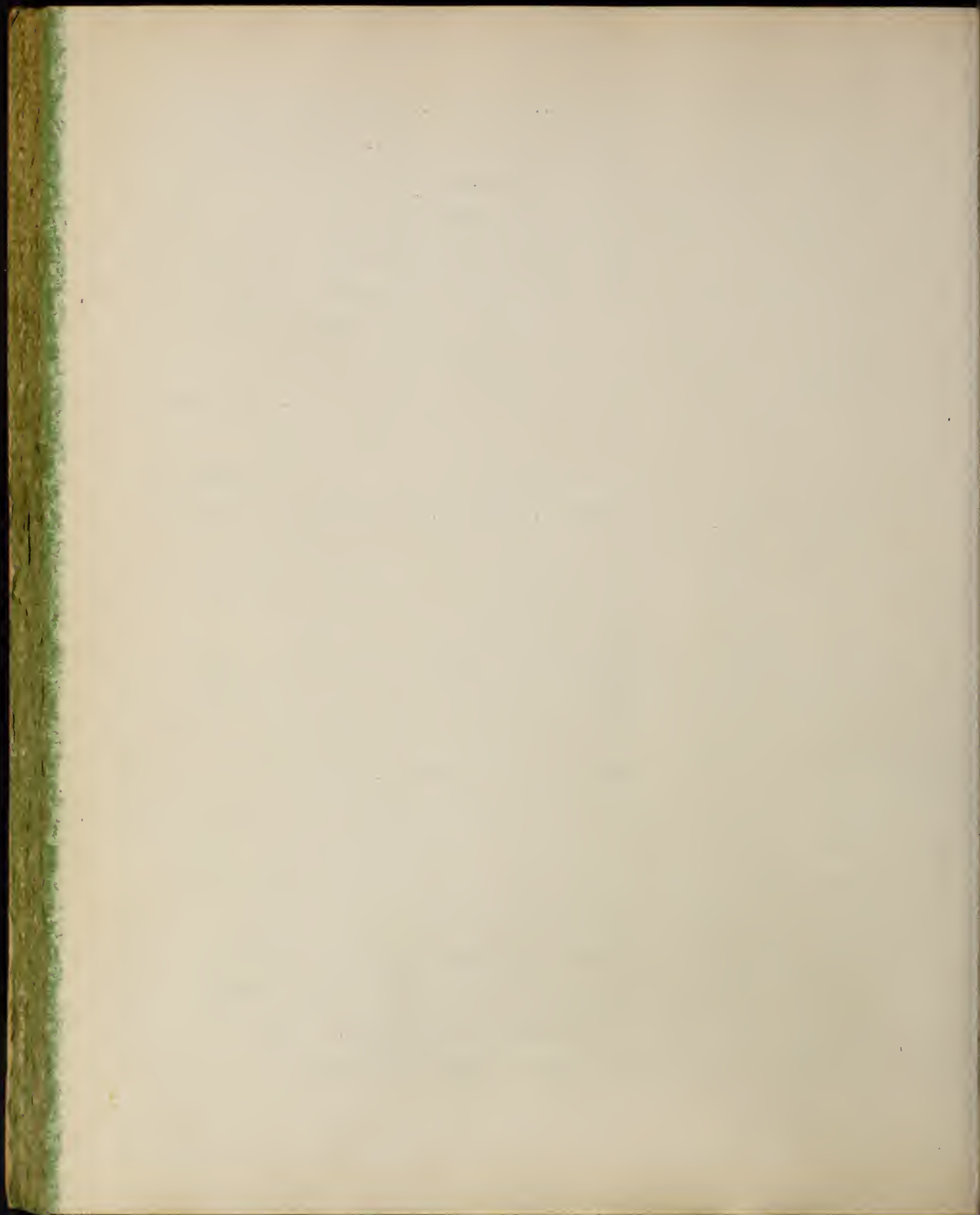
EN



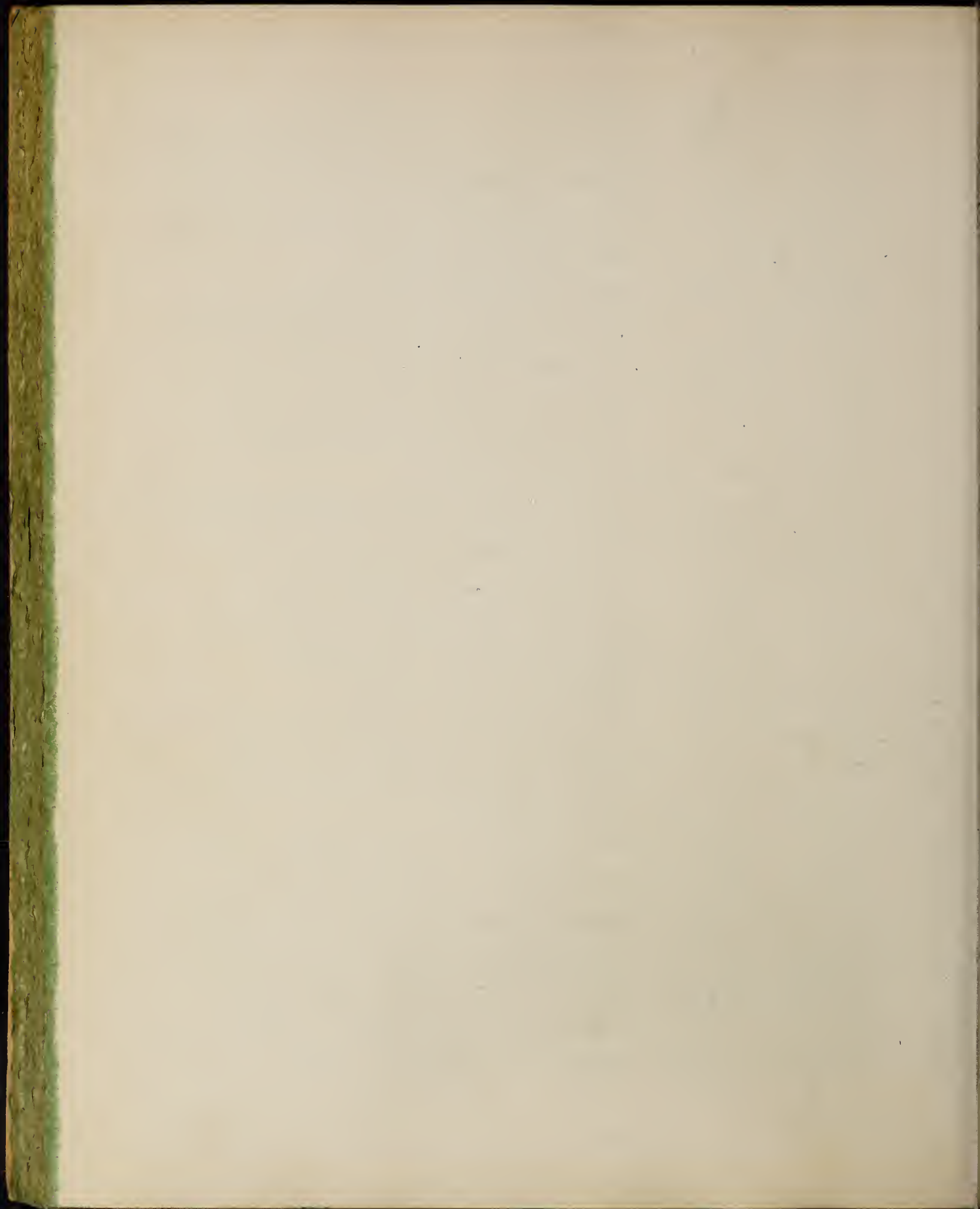
PORTRAITS



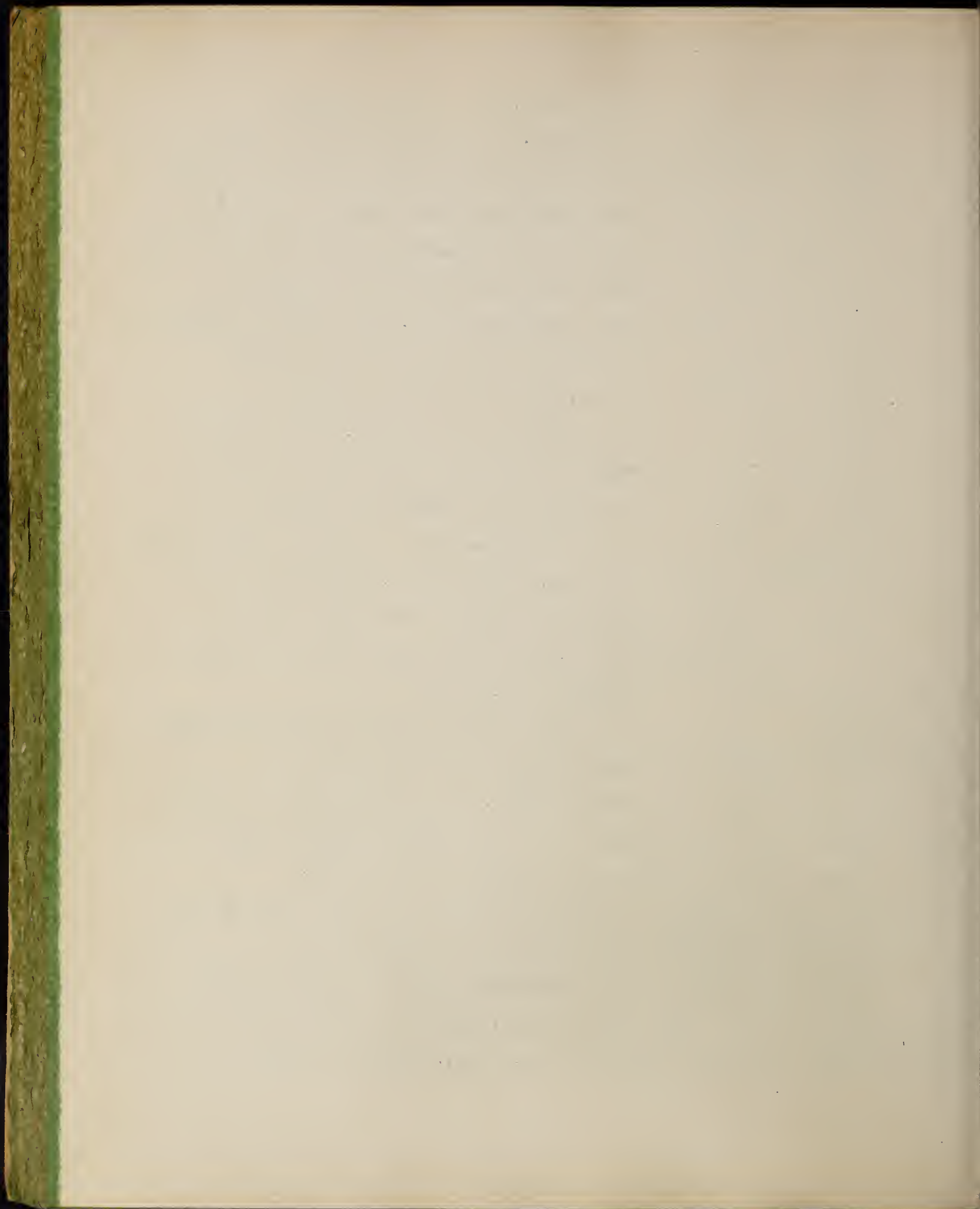
Betty Adams . . . Broad grin..blond curls..zealous Sunday School goer
Yogi Akashi . . . Crew cut..ever-present smile,..studious..agreeable
Lois Albin Pep personified..Delta cheerleader..enthusiastic
Margaret Albright..All-round..rosy cheeks..poised..that giggle!
John Allen . . . Hard worker..devoted Christian..dark eyes..Gladys
John Allison . . Quiet humor..observing..photographer..artist
Donna Anderegg..Red hair..contagious giggle..chemistry laborer
Bryant Anderson..Joker..Quincy boy..has God in his heart
Dorothy Anderson.."Dottie"..gentle spoken..dimpled chin..great Christian
John Anderson . . Bass voice..friendly..interested in India
Doreen Armstrong..Fun loving..definite opinions.."Don't get me mad!"
Virginia Arnold . . Thoughtful..congenial..unexpected bursts of laughter
Lillian Azevedo . Shiny black hair..laughing eyes..sense of humor
Vernon Bair . . . Sports enthusiast..easy-going..crew cut..husky
June Barton . . . Quiet..co-operative.."I'm going home."
Norma Bass . . . Fun..switchboard operator..singer..frequent chats
Shirlee Bias . . . Energetic..capable..expressive eyes..hard worker
John Binkley . . . Mission worker..church choir..industrious
Marion Blackmer . Sammy..understanding..sweet..shining curls
Jo Ann Brogan . Petite fille..dimples..Southern drawl..loves teddy bears
Mabel Brown . . Ready jokes..our basketball star..zealous Christian
David Brumagin . Courteous..attentive..good speaker..future minister
Ann Burdett . . Poet..a true "Youth for Christ"..alert mind
Ellen Burgess . Mischievous from head to toe..Sigma cheerleader
Paul Burkhardt . Happily married..enthusiastic..cheerful outlook
Dwight Campbell . Studious..friendly..considerate..organist
Barbara Church Pleasant ways..studious.."That biology"



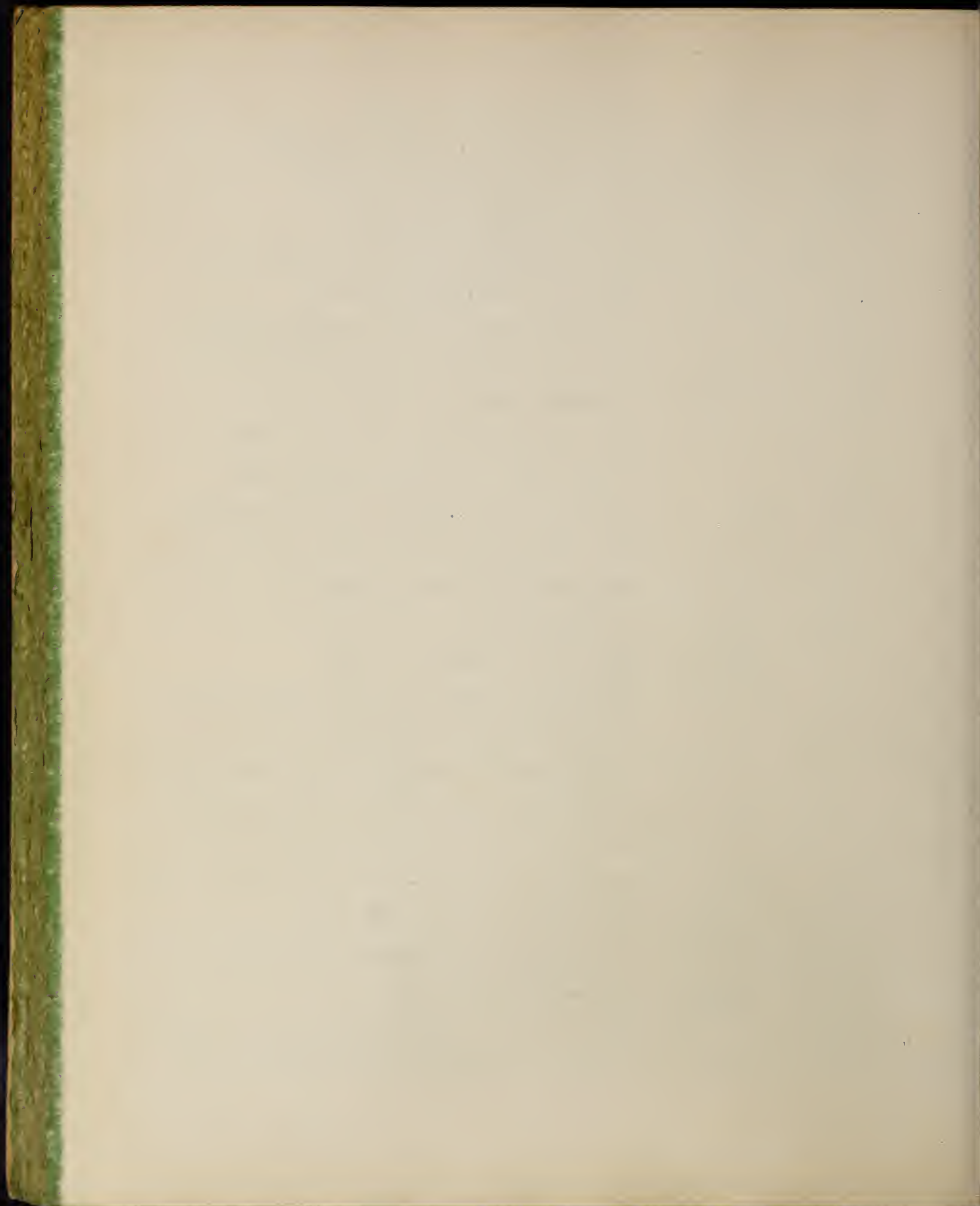
Charlotte CLAYTOR . Quiet..friendly..willing to help out
Phyllis COLLINS . . Chalk artist..imaginative..talented..laughing eyes
CARRIE CONSER . . . Gracious..expressive speech..friendly..brown eyes
MARtha COOK . . . Diligent..bright future..nursing career..fun loving
MARY COOK Blondie..athletic..mischievous
DARLENE COUTURE . . Pleasant..constant smile..accommodating
ROBERT CREW . . . Neat..all for Christ..well groomed..black wavy hair
JOHN CROWLEY . . A testimony for his Lord..loves to eat
DAVID DANIELS . . . Canadian..that friendly smile..hearty welcome
Phyllis DAVIS . . . "Phizzie"..quietly decisive..polished lady
MADELINE DOWNES . . Tall..sedate..barrels of fun
DONNA DRIGGS . . Attractive dresser..friendly..petite..cooperative
KENNETH EDWARDS . Quartet boy..reserved..warm smile
GLENN ELSEY . . . Fervent Christian, ever smiling..willing to do
SAMUEL ERBE Alert sense of humor..industrious..chem devotee
LURA EZOLD Bashful beauty..artist..a lady..unassuming
CARLIE FARLEIGH . . Nice smile..true friend..sincere
SHIRLEY FULLER . . . Reserved..mission vocalist..pretty wavy hair
BONNA-VEAR GILMORE . Long hair..lively..definite likes and dislikes
GEORGE GRIBBEN . Proud papa..carpenter
ALLEN HALBERG . . Great expectations..Y. M. C. A. worker..preacher
WILLIAM HARDIN . . Ardent Christian..friendly..positive..cheerful
KEITH HARDY . . . Chemistry worker..athletic..hard worker..sleepyhead
HAZEL LINTON . . . Singer..amiable..Maine accent..pleasant..agreeable
CATHERINE HAYFORD . Likes to drive cars..chemistry lab inhabitant
SAMUEL HENCK . . Likable..kind..thoughtful..sincere Christian
ALFRED HESEMEYER . Friendly to all..our chaplain..studious



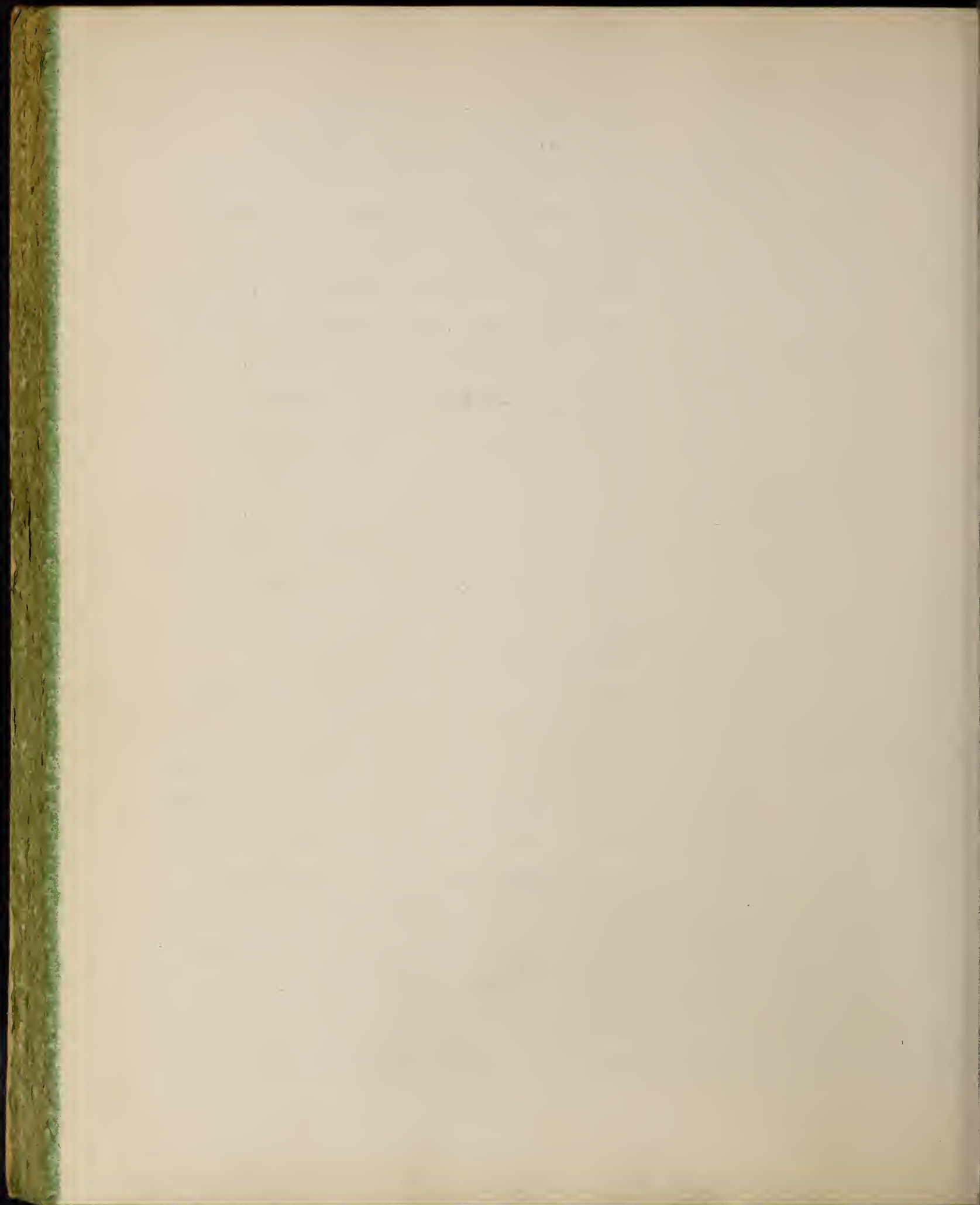
Edgar Howard . . . Photographer . . . lends a helping hand . . . fun
Wayne Hysong . . . No laziness . . . conscientious . . . enthusiastic Christian
Raymond Ibechele . . . Appreciative . . . earnest seeker of knowledge . . . observant
Wilma Ingland . . . Cheery . . . radiant . . . a vibrant testimony on her lips
Marilyn Insko . . . "Mickey" . . . fun loving . . . helps stimulate 2nd floor benders
Jean Jack Singer . . . winsome . . . friendly in her own quiet way
Elizabeth Jackson . . . Snappy basketball player . . . sincere testimony . . . goal-to help
Sara Jackson Quiet humor . . . eager to be of service to others
Betty James Olivet . . . immaculate appearance . . . collegiate
Aldine John Sweet blond . . . sincere . . . friendly . . . pleasant natured
Bassha Keen Understanding . . . singer on second . . . earnest Christian
Karl Knudsen Mansion bender boy . . . chorister . . . always time for fun
Anthony Kosty Made for missions . . . constant concern for others . . . amiable
Richard Krutenat Easy going . . . aspiring doctor . . . conscientious Christian
Joseph Larrabee Outstanding chemistry student . . . quiet onlooker
Ruth Ann Loomis Studious . . . small-but--- . . . bears good fortune modestly
Jane Little No extra words . . . dark curls
Walter Lyon Hard working preacher . . . devoted to God and his church
Brian McCutcheon "Lends all men his ear but few his voice"
Leora McGee Faithful worker . . . never an idle moment . . . good listener
Kent MacMahon Curly hair . . . fervent Christian . . . decided views
Lorne MacMillan Sincere friendliness . . . future preacher
Beverly MacNeill Beautiful hair . . . to make others happy makes her happy
Jeanne MacNeill Bender girl . . . fun loving . . . Dugout damsel
David MacPherson Capable . . . dependable . . . hard worker . . . ready listener
David McSavane Steady . . . leader . . . athletic . . . Frosh choir leader
Edith Mallon Mischievous and cute . . . expressive in action



BRIAN MARET . . . A friend and gentleman to all
Shirley MARTIN . . Striking appearance..conscientious student
CAROL MATHISEN . . Many links in her chain of friendships
DONALD MATTMUELLER . Tennis fan..likes to think..singer
MARILYN MERCHANT . Sweet spirit..individualistic..imaginative artist
JEAN MERRIMAN . Happy to be alive..poised..agreeable
MARJORIE MILLER . . Hard worker..fun to be near..in service to others
RONALD MILLER . . Loves a joke or prank..co-operative in everything
BARBARA MILSTEAD . Independent..works hard for what she gets
ALFRED MOORE . . "Man in the hall"..hours of patient hard work
SAMUEL MORSE . . Marriage better than learning..friendly smile
RITA MULL Completely friendly..cheerful smile..uncomplaining
ETHEL MULLEN . . . Good friend..quick wit..thoroughly congenial..sweet
NORMA NEILSON . . Genuine..quiet loveliness..at ease with a basketball
HERBERT NORRIS . . Prankster..always time for mischief
DOLORES NYLIN . . Likes a good time..short and sweet
CAROL OULTON . . Many thoughts unvoiced..spontaneous giggle..reserved
WALTER OLSON . . A good friend to all..quiet humor..night shift
CARMELLA PALELLA . Conscientious..lends a helping hand..sincere Christian
MARLENE PARSONS . A friendly "Hi" which could end in long discussion
MARGARET PEARCE . Winning..a testimony in her life..earnest endeavor
LEON PELLEY . . . Distinguished appearance..quiet until his wit is sparked
DAVID PENNY . . . Quick smile for everyone..full of fun
PATRICIA PERHAM . . Peppy basketball player..genuine personality..worker
HERBERT PERYEA . . Polite..jovial..good natured
RONALD PHILLIPS . . Steadfast Christian..winning smile and voice..helpful
ALICE PRUDEN . . . Wonderful friend..uncomplaining..devoted Christian



Lillian Reed . . . Comical..friendly..eager participant
Dorothy Roat . . . Congenial..somewhat quiet but full of fun
Dorothy Roberts . Kappa cheerleader..congenial friend..easy to know
Abram Rose Artistic..understanding..co-operative..true friend
Celia Rugg Lively..shy..laughingly pleasant..very friendly
Paul Rundlett . . Excellent pianist..lively sense of humor..music lover
Charles Sellers . . Football enthusiast..knows few strangers..testimony
Malcolm Shene . . Blond hair..acrobat on Zeta cheering squad.."Mickey"
Mary Shepard . . Unpredictable..a mind of her own..graceful
John Sherman . . Often seen but seldom heard..handsome smile
Betty Shields . . Top-notch artist..interested and interesting
Earl Simpson . . . Tease..dimpled chin..pleasant personality..singer
Cynthia Smith . . Stores of energy..Kappa cheerleader..enthusiastic
Evangeline Smith . "Squirt"..friendly..sympathetic..a friend indeed!
Faith Smith . . . Warm heart and generous..deeply spiritual..radiant
Sterling Smith . . Efficient.."business manager"..intelligent
Carl Solomon . . Enthusiastic Christian..co-operative..hard worker
Georgianna Spate . "Georgie"..petite..bright girl..fun
Wayne Speakman . Fun loving tease..comic..ace trumpeteer.."off women"
Virgil Stanley . . Friendly..often seen in the vicinity of the library
Gloria Stiles . . Full of fun and laughter..pep and energy unlimited
Glen Stover . . . Accepts challenge..true friend..dependable..papa
Juanita Strotman . Wide, winning grin..a voice for the use of her Lord
Harold Sumner . . Southern drawl..willing to help out when needed
Robert Sumner . . Diligent..observant..avid baseball fan..neat
Donald Sunberg . Cheery "Hi"..always has fun..dimpled chin
Betty Symonds . . Charming smile..pleasant disposition..sweet



JUNE THOMAS . . Considerate..quiet but once..top taste in blouses
EDGAR THOMPSON . Good natured..always interested in helping others
JOHN WAGNER . . Bright socks..likes basketball..variety of interests
ALBERT WAKEFIELD. Generous..booming voice..nice to know
BOB WALTERS . . Saxophonist..Sigma sharpshooter..spice and variety
FLORENCE WATSON . Friendly big sister to all
MARTHA WEIMER . "Marty"..laughing sparkle..fun and frolic
BARBARA WHEELER . Jokes..laugh all her own..friendly..energetic
HERBERT WHITE . Studious..conscientious hard worker
MILDRED WHITEHORN. Winning ways..understanding of others
FLOE WILLIAMS . . Ping-pong player..always on the go..a real pal
LORETTA WILLIAMSON . "Willie"..calm, cool, collected..cheerer-upper
NANCY WITHROW . . Bender girl inclinations..sparkling personality
BARCLAY WOOD . . Complete poise..polite..organist..witty..dignified
COURTLAND WOOD . . Gigantic height..our soloist..sports devotee
TYLER WOOSTER . . Thoughtful of others..outgoing personality..bender boy
JEAN YENCISO . . Artist with many ideas..nice to get acquainted with
ROGER YOUNG . . Sincere..segundo a nadie..unchanging

